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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

This Issue Is Prepared

By Young Conservative Writers

The Dirty Plot

PETER CRUMPET

Nero in Our Camp

GARRY WILLS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . RICHARD WHALEN
ROBERT Y. DRAKE JR. · J. D. FUTCH · M. STANTON EVANS
CAROL DAWSON · JOHN LEONARD · MAUREEN B. O'REILLY
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August 21, 1959

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 12, 1959 VOL. VII, NO. 22

THE WEEK 316

ARTICLES
The Dirty Plot ..... Peter Crumpet 325
Prince Edward: Law and Reality .... Richard Whalen 329

DEPARTMENTS
For the Record 315
National Trends ..... M. Stanton Evans 324
The Third World War ..... J. D. Futch 328
The Ivory Tower ..... John Leonard 331
Principles and Heresies ..... Garry Wills 332
To the Editor 340

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS
The Myth of the Cave ..... Robert Y. Drake Jr. 334
Space Conquers Man ..... Michael M. Mooney 335
Character in Search of an Author ..... Maureen B. O'Reilly 336
What Manner of Man? ..... Carol Dawson 337
Howling in the Wilderness ..... J. P. McFadden 338
Books in Brief 339

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For the Record

Against the Khrushchev visit? You can actively protest by attending (geography permitting) one or more of the following protest rallies: 1) Date: September 11. Place: Connie Mack Stadium, Philadelphia. Sponsor: National Association of Christian Churches. 2) September 14, Washington Monument Theatre, Washington, D.C., International Council of Christian Churches (and various captive nations' groups). 3) September 17, Carnegie Hall, New York, NATIONAL REVIEW and Crusade for America. 4) September 20, Carnegie Hall, Conference of Americans of Central and Eastern European Descent.

Other protests under way? These. Letter-writing campaign to White House, backed by Committee Against Summit Entanglements (Belmont 78, Mass.) . . . .Press campaign through insertion of advertisements ("What YOU Can Do About Khrushchev's Visit") in leading papers, by Freedom House (20 W. 40th St., New York 18) . . . . National Council of Christian Churches giving out buttons ("K: 'We serve Christ, not Marx.' ") . . . . NATIONAL REVIEW selling "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here" stickers . . . . Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order (whose co-chairman is Eisenhower's pastor, the Rev. Dr. Edward L. R. Elson) proposing minute of silent prayer the day Khrushchev arrives. . . . Bob Sigriest attacking visit nightly on Midwestern radio . . . . Campaign to drape church doors in black crepe under way in Houston, Texas, and elsewhere; also plans to ring church bells, wear black arm-bands. . . . Coordinating many of these efforts, two newly formed groups: Committee for Freedom of All Peoples and Committee for National Mourning, both with offices at 931 G. Street, NW, Washington, D.C.

U.S. Communist Party has been ordered by Cominform a) to whip up enthusiasm for visit through open air rallies, b) "To train special cadres of bodyguards" to fight off the kind of hecklers who gave Mikoyan such a rough time . . . . House Committee on Un-American Activities holding up publication of evidence of Khrushchev brutalities during Ukrainian purge he directed. Some of the facts so brutal authorities fear they might bring on assassination attempt.

Sources close to the President say Eisenhower terribly worried Khrushchev visit won't go over with American people despite elaborate build-up.

The WEEK

● We know a maverick professor of political science who wishes he could get Nelson Rockefeller into one of his classes. He wants to assign the Governor an essay topic: "What is the difference between New York taxpayers and the Rockefeller Foundation?"

● Dwight Eisenhower is not going to give away Berlin or even Quemoy to Khrushchev, either as a welcome, or as a going-away present. Anyone who chooses to worry about this is not only worrying needlessly. He runs the danger of deriving relief from the fact that Khrushchev will be leaving this country without another million or two people under his power; out of which he is liable to construct a great Western victory. The damage to the West will be of quite another sort. Those who pinch themselves to prove they are still alive after K is gone will do well to remember that they may be here, but that the land they live in is forever changed, for having admitted as a guest of honor the greatest slavemaster in history.

● We welcome the formation of the Committee for Freedom of All Peoples, and commend Senators Bridges, Dodd and Douglas, and Congressman Judd, for being the first to affix their signatures to its manifesto. We publish the Committee's declaration on p. 323, and we accept its suggestion that we mourn visibly the visit of Khrushchev. The next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be framed in black.

● "It is difficult to legislate a mode of life. I think [civil rights] is an emotional problem that will be cured by time." Who spoke these words? James Eastland? Dale Alford? Herman Talmadge? Orval Faubus? The words are those of Senator Hiram L. Fong of Hawaii, the first United States Senator of Chinese ancestry, advising Congress not to rush a civil rights bill.

● Well, well, it turns out that Dale Alford of Little Rock, who unseated Congressman Brooks Hays in the 1958 elections, *was* the people's choice after all. The cause of Congressman Hays, a moderate on the integration issue, was ardently espoused by Liberals throughout the land: They jumped all over Alford, denouncing him variously as a trickster who had probably stuffed the ballot-boxes, and as an upstart who had had the effrontery to attract more votes than his opponent. Editorial writers everywhere urged the House of Representatives to unseat him. Instead, it instructed its Committee on Privileges and Elections to look into the matter, and that committee has now reported—to the effect that Alford got 200 more votes than he claimed! Not since the Internal Revenue Department concluded its investigation of Joe McCarthy's alleged tax delinquencies by writing him out a check for a thousand dollars of overpaid taxes have the Liberals been more disappointed—or more silent. Let us make our own interest in the matter clear: We have a high regard for Mr. Hays, as a man of character and principle. But what impresses us is the continuing refusal of the American Liberals to understand how deep runs the Southern conviction on matters touching upon integration, and the position in which it now places them. Their god-democracy had turned against their god-integration, and they couldn't believe it. Now they have to believe it, and we ask them, What do you recommend, gentlemen: shall we, having failed to dissipate the plurality in Arkansas for segregation, do away with democracy—at least in that electoral district? La Rochefoucauld captured the dilemma of the Liberals when he sighed, "Sad is the lot of the woman who is at once violently inflamed and inflexibly virtuous!"

● News item: *"Rutgers University appoints Isador Lubin first Arthur Vanderbilt Professor of Public Affairs. The chair was recently endowed by the Ford Foundation in order to attract a man of high caliber in the field of public affairs to Rutgers."* From the biography of High-Caliber Lubin: in 1916, head of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at the University of Missouri. Traveled to Soviet Union in 1929. Evidently liked what he saw, for *Daily Worker* (March 19, 1930) describes Washington rally of the Committee on Justice for Russia at which H-C Lubin "exposed the lies of the religious fakers who back the imperialist war plans against the Workers Republic." Went to work for FDR as White House economist. In 1934, interceded in citizenship proceedings in behalf of Henry Felix Mins Sr., whose home was used as meeting place by Soviet espionage apparatus. Did some work after World War II for charitable organization. On his recommendation, the organization hired Harold Glasser and Harry Dexter White, respectively a Communist and a Communist spy. Has most recently served as Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York, an appointee of Averell Harriman, who also, in his time, has sought out men of high caliber. We should think Professor Lubin would have plenty to tell his students of a fascinating and educational kind.

Every signed piece in this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW is written by an American under thirty years old. (See "Notes and Asides")

● McKesson and Robbins, the drug firm that was swindled out of several million dollars in the early thirties in a classic story of genteel embezzlement, recently found $35,000 worth of merchandise missing from its warehouse. It suspended 18 employees, three of them truck-drivers belonging to a Teamsters' local, on suspicion of looting. Its remaining drivers forthwith went on strike, demanding reinstatement of their fellow union-members. Company representatives negotiated with union representatives, and agreed on a formula: The three truck-drivers are reinstated and the strike is called off—because, the company announced, investigation has revealed that stealing is "more widespread" among its warehouse employees than among its truck-drivers, so that it is not, on second thought, fair to crack down on one set of pilferers in discrimination against the other. Called for: a future strike to determine just how *much* a truck-driver can steal and still be kept in his job by his union.

● President Eisenhower's fiscal conscience is bothering Congress again. By vetoing the $1.2 billion civil works bill, the President has made the classical protest against the annual pork barrel bill, with its sundry sops for privileged friends of privileged congressmen. Said the President: he didn't like the provision for new projects (totalling over $800 million not provided for in the budget); he didn't like the 75 per cent increased expenditure on public works over 1955; he didn't like the prospect of committing the United States government to projects costing a total of over $3.8 billion over the next four years—since no money had been appropriated for that purpose, and no money had been budgeted to take care of it. Already congressional rumbling has been heard—the pork barrel bill is indispensable largesse to bring home after the session closes. Ike just failed of being overridden, on a bill everybody knows, and has known for a long time, is indefensible.

● Young chap we know, active in Republican politics in an Eastern state, recently got a mysterious invitation to call on New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller at his earliest convenience. Our friend's curiosity overcame his caution, and he was soon being ushered into the governor's personal New York City headquarters on East 55th Street. It turned out to be the proverbial beehive of activity—all of it plainly connected with the Rockefeller Presidential campaign. The governor himself greeted him, and frankly requested (and got) a great deal of routine technical information on how a primary fight for convention delegates could be started in the young man's state. Gradually, however, the talk veered around to how to win such a fight—and here, he told us in awestruck tones, Rockefeller's information was chillingly detailed and 100 per cent accurate: The governor has a card file with separate cards for every precinct, listing the leaders of each, their predilections, and how best to approach them. Given such information and the necessary money (!), the young fellow says, a Rockefeller victory in his state is a foregone conclusion. He tottered home shaken and thoughtful. It was that sense of *plenitude* that scared him most, he says.

● In an incredible fiscal burlesque, Indonesian President Sukarno last week issued the following monetary decrees: 1) the official exchange rate of the rupiah was devalued from 45 to the dollar to a split rate of 11.4 and 30; 2) ninety per cent of all bank deposits over 35,000 rupiahs were frozen; 3) all 500 and 1,000 rupiah bank notes were chopped to 10 per cent of their face value. Whereupon banks and stores closed, the stock exchange and commerce came to a standstill. The intention, according to the Government, was to stabilize the economy by reducing the currency in circulation and stopping "profiteering." The result has been an immediate paralysis of the economic life of the nation.

● The American people (so says State Department press officer Lincoln White) will receive the Dalai Lama's new appeal to the UN with "compassion and understanding." The American people (so Mr. White continues) "have . . . shown . . . a strong desire to do anything practicable to alleviate the plight of the suffering Tibetan people." As for the American government (so says Mr. White finally)—it will give "immediate and sympathetic consideration" to the appeal. We bet it will—to this appeal. And the next one. And the next.

● Horace Greeley, a doctor in Brooklyn, namesake and great-grandson of the famous editor, woke one morning a few weeks ago to the news that Khrushchev was going West—and suggested to us that we print up our KHRUSHCHEV NOT WELCOME HERE stickers, for which we and—we are happy to report—ten thousand other Americans now thank him.

● In case you have cause in the next ninety days to catch the late train from London to Liverpool, we give you fair warning: British Railways intend to operate on their summer schedule for two months past summer. It seems that the printing strike prevented the publication of winter timetables, and everybody knows just how many weeks it takes to print timetables, and that you can't run a railroad without timetables. But it doesn't seem very British, does it? We mean, this running winter trains on summer schedules. What?

Triumphal March

In 1944 Dwight Eisenhower needed three and a half million men to conquer Europe, but last week he did the job single-handed. There has never—quite literally never—been anything like the reception he got. Most extraordinary of all, quite incredible indeed, were the massed cheers, waves and smiles of the Germans—of the very persons whose fathers and brothers had been slaughtered by his orders, the people whose cities his bombs had chewed to rubble.

It was this greeting by the Germans—spontaneous, unregimented, quite obviously from the heart—that most strikingly revealed the irrational root of the mass sentiments on which the President seemed almost to float self-propelled along the highways to the great centers of the Western World. What rational motive could the Germans have for making such a total outpouring to Dwight Eisenhower? A dignified and friendly welcome, yes, for Dwight Eisenhower as chief of the government of the greatest and most essential ally for the present and in the decade past. But this Eisenhower was also the Supreme Commander who not only gave—as was his duty—those dreadful orders, but who fully shared the responsibility for the ferocious demand of Unconditional Surrender, for the Western failure to enter first into Berlin, for the frauds of the de-Nazification program, and the shameful Nuremburg Trial doctrine of *ex post facto* guilt.

No man has been trusted so much by so many as Dwight Eisenhower. It is natural, even inevitable, that any man's head would be turned by so heady a draught of mass adulation. It is an easy leap for him to confuse the subjective imprint of the mass applause with ideas and a policy. If his words rouse such many-millioned acclaim, how can they be empty?

Yet as the cheering and the shouting die, the hard objective problems remain unsoftened and unmoved. They are immune to smiles and applause, as they are to frowns and curses. Dwight Eisenhower took only himself to Europe; with his return, it is as if his journey had never been.

Is France nearer a solution to the Algerian problem that France must solve to live? Not, certainly, through any act of Mr. Eisenhower's, who could tell General de Gaulle only that the United States continues its hand-washing tactic of Abstention. Does West Germany now have a means of assuring the freedom and security of Berlin, or of preparing reunification? The President brought no proposals. How will Britain settle her disputes with the Common Market? Is France to become a nuclear power and move up in the NATO Command? What will the West do to combat the Communist invasion of Laos and the Communist probes into the Indian border states? How can Russian power be thrust back from the Middle East? How can Africa be transformed into the frontier of Europe? What is to be the pace and quality of German armament?

On all these issues the President had nothing to

Archbishop Joseph P. Hurley, Bishop of St. Augustine, to the priests of his diocese at a conference held in Orlando, September 2, 1959:

"I want to say a word about the coming invasion of our land. Never before in our history have loyal Americans been placed under such pressure to accept a political decision and to keep silent about it.

"We are being forced to silence and inaction while the Red enemy penetrates our lines and carries on insidious devastating war. Whoever protests, either in word or in print, exposes himself to angry reprisal. The heroic Hungarian freedom fighters, who were . . . our honored guests, are now intimidated into silence by threats of repatriation, followed by torture and death in the dungeons of Budapest. What a pathetic tragedy is this new tyranny in our free country.

"The great American Legion—our valorous veteran soldiers—has been gagged and reduced to silence.

"They want us also to hold our peace while government officials and Marx-minded Americans accord a triumph to the one whose hands are crimson with the blood of our fellow Christians.

"We must say 'no.' We cannot be bought, bullied or blackmailed. We, too, will have peace, but not the peace of the dishonorable grave which Khrushchev is now digging for us.

"We counsel our people to express their conviction peacefully; to avoid violence in all its forms.

"But if we were to remain silent while this personified obscenity stalks our land we would be craven cowards, unworthy to enjoy the liberties our valiant forefathers won for us.

"If we were to remain silent, the very stones of this free land would proclaim decency and truth.

"Against this evil incarnate which comes to contaminate our American air, the true voice of America cries out in indignant protest. May that wave of honest indignation roll from ocean to ocean and from Canada to the Gulf—a wave that will cleanse the American air from the contamination which now threatens it."

say. They remain today as they were a fortnight ago, with all their stark edges unsmoothed.

But did not the President's trip "solidify the Western alliance"? Also an illusion. Friendship and alliance among great nations are solidified by common interests and common values. An alliance that depends upon the personality of individuals is to that very extent *not* solidified. The individuals come and go, but the interests, values and problems remain.

The Khrushchev-Eisenhower exchange visits will be in political substance no different from this visit of the President to western Europe. No problems will be solved: none will even be seriously broached. The division of interests and values will be as irreconcilable and as unbridgeable in November as today. It is the arming of Germany, the invasion of Laos, the subversion of Iran, the freedom of Berlin, the missile bases, that are in question, not whether Khrushchev is received politely in Pittsburgh and the President enthusiastically in Astrakhan. Khrushchev and his colleagues propose to be the masters. Until and unless we are ready to grant them that, the world conflict continues.

There may be a *detente* of sorts—a "subjective" *detente,* it might be called—for a few months or possibly a year or so, as there was for a while after the President's earlier Summit at Geneva. But it will erode or explode away as the smiles fade and the realities move once again into the open.

And that is why the President—the most trusted man in modern history—is failing his trust. His present acts can alter nothing of the reality of the world conflict. But they can and do serve to encourage his own people and his allies to hide from that reality and to shirk its challenge.

Even the Legion

In his speech to the American Legion Convention at Minneapolis, Vice President Nixon, defending the Khrushchev visit, asserted that its value lay in showing Khrushchev how strong and united we all are in our determination to resist Communism. But what will Khrushchev actually see when he starts his tour? He will see, first of all, a vociferous coterie of people who want to fall all over him. The Cyrus Eaton type of businessman will step up to feed him and fete him; the curiosity seekers will surge around him in hopes that they may pluck his sleeve to see if he is real. He will be told, by blithering idiots, that America and Russia are, after all, committed to the same democratic ends even though they may differ on the pathway toward those ends.

If we may be permitted our own certainty, it is that Khrushchev already knows that the U.S. is too strong to be tackled head-on in open military war. So what can Khrushchev actually discover from his tour that will do us the least bit of good? The American Legion, after listening politely to Mr. Nixon, voted to accept the Khrushchev visit "with dignity." What does "dignity" in this case mean? Willy nilly, it means standing to one side while the fawners, the adulators and the political masochists step up to play Grover Whalen to the butcher of Budapest. The Legion has been had—and it does not please us that Nixon, who knows all about the inner dynamics of Communism, helped create the atmosphere in which the royal gulling took place.

Everybody Loves Everybody

In New York State the equality-ideologues have moved ahead, on three fronts, in their all-out campaign to strangle the community in the web of their abstractions.

Merely by brandishing a headline or two, at Ralph Bunche's prodding, they had the West Side Tennis Club groveling at their feet. The Club President, Mr. Wilfred Burglund—who informed Dr. Bunche that Negroes were not admitted to membership—was thrown to the wolves. The remaining Club officials promised the Commission on Intergroup Relations that they would accept members "without regard to race, creed or color."

This was only an appetizer for Alfred J. Marrow, the Commission's chairman. He announced, smack-

Now Is the Summer of Their Content

London

All summer long the moors, downs, and meadows of the green and scept'red isle have blossomed with their new harvest: the bright-colored tents and "caravans" (small trailers) of the myriad herds of vacationing Britons self-shepherded from the cities to green pastures. For the most part, the swarm spreads on internally combusting wings: every sort of motorcycle, usually with two riders; minute, ancient Austins and Morrises whining like one-cylinder outboards; and, in large percentage, the admirably designed fresh cars of Britain's now dawned automotive age.

Everywhere along the road—from Brighton to Inverness, from Land's End to Norfolk—in public park or private pasture or the mere strip of green along the highway's edge, the caravans are parked and the little tents stretched.

It is hard for Americans, who have from its birth sixty years ago grown naturally into the automotive age, to realize the dizziness with which Britain —and most of the Continent too—has suddenly plunked into the midstream of mass motoring. On every August weekend this summer, the police and autoclubs vainly broadcast their despairing cries: "All roads saturated! Queues up to eighteen miles on roads South and West! Fifteen hundred breakdowns in the Home Counties!"

These are the masses of the population on the move, no longer the wealthy and sporting few. And they love it. Not all the bumper-to-bumper queues on all the roads of Britain can in the least discourage them from exercising their prosperity-brought freedom to move around as only their betters used to do.

The Americanization of the world—for this is what it comes down to—is fine by them, as it seems to be by the masses pretty much everywhere. The Conservative leadership knows this well enough. Getting ready for the general election that will be announced any day now, big posters, illustrated by a togetherness sort of family picture, proclaim a straightforward message: LIFE IS BETTER WITH THE CONSERVATIVES! DON'T LET LABOR RUIN IT!

It is hard to see how the Conservatives can lose, though their professionals keep their fingers crossed when they talk to you. There are still depressed areas and occupations. Coal is as always in bad shape. The Midlands are still ugly and grim—though the children there as everywhere are well-dressed and healthy. The railroads, like ours, are collapsing under the blows of lorry competition, state controls and union featherbedding. But in general the Conservatives have delivered what they promised and what the voters want: an end to the most irksome restrictions; a rising standard of living; a halt to price inflation; continuance, with improved efficiency, of state medicine and social securities; lowered taxes; peace internationally, with settlement—or at least dampening—of acute troubles (Cyprus, Kenya, Singapore, Suez).

Labor has little to get its political teeth into. It rather shamefacedly offers the usual social bribes—still bigger handouts for medical care, education, pensions, etc. And its egghead leaders try to manufacture ideological issues out of foreign affairs: nuclear tests, Algeria, the "Hola massacres" in Kenya. These, while provoking bitter divisions in Labor's own upper stratum, do not sink very deep. The voters mostly feel in a vague, bored way that the Conservatives are making a decent enough show in foreign affairs. They are quite unanimously pleased about the Khrushchev-Eisenhower cultural exchange —pleased at the event itself, and more pleased because they think it Britain's doing. Australian Prime Minister Menzies spoke for all Britain and the Commonwealth when, in commenting on the visits, he declared that by bringing them about, "Britain has recaptured some of the moral and intellectual leadership in world affairs."

This does not mean that the Conservative leaders, as they see themselves, have become appeasers—though the results of their actions tend to become appeasement. But responsible Conservative leaders proceed from different and long-established premises.

The "model" for their thinking about swollen dictatorships is Napoleon and the long-drawn-out strategy of attrition, maneuver, coalition, economic warfare and limited fighting by which England gradually contained and then defeated Napoleon. Dictatorships soften or wear out from within, if one holds out long enough. One can then come to terms with them, or if it must be, fight them after their curve has turned downward. Americans, the British leaders believe, are too much ideologues, too prone to moralizing. Khrushchev is Russian and imperial before he is Communist and messianic. The Presidium will come around in time if one plays it carefully, and in Russia's own interest may even begin to disgorge some of the undigested East European gobbets.

So the current visits are all to the good, though nothing much will come of them. They slow the pace, and blunt the edge of the crisis. Meanwhile, the British leaders reflect, they have American nuclear power in reserve, as a comforting reinsurance against any error in their estimate. With luck, there will be enough of a breather on the Russian front to permit them to take care of this bothersome Common Market do, and to wangle an "Indian solution" for Africa.

ing his lips, that he was going to investigate *all* New York clubs, and would seek a new law prohibiting any discrimination in any club of any kind! (Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright had the temerity to point out, in a letter to the *New York Times,* that the one and only reason for the existence of a private club is to practice discrimination of one kind or another.)

Next, New York Supreme Court Justice J. Irvin Shapiro moved into action. Figuring, no doubt, that in the Earl Warren era the courts are the proper agency for making new laws and constitutions, Judge Shapiro created a brand new law of incorporation. In a rousing opinion, he denied a corporate charter to the "Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice" (a subversive enough name, granted), on the ground of "its contention there is nothing wrong in 'merely declining to rent an apartment' to one by reason of his race, or his creed or his color." Judge Shapiro did not hold that there was anything criminal in the Association's background or in its intended activities. He explicitly declared that the appellants would be within their legal rights to associate together and to speak out for their views. But he refused them "the privilege of incorporation" because they would be—so his prescient eye discerned —a "hate group" (so phrased in his formal decision from the bench) which "by its every intendment negates those basic principles of our land."

Thus, by this new Law of our Land, a corporate charter, heretofore understood as an administrative and fiscal convenience available on application to all citizens not criminally inclined, has now become a prize to be awarded only to those who bring incense to the egalitarian altar.

State Supreme Court Justice Henry Epstein was not going to be outdone by his colleague. With positively prophetic thunder, he struck down the proud head of the infidel King Ibn—and along with it, coincidentally dragged from their gilded chariot the molochs of Aramco (Standard Oils of California and New Jersey, Texaco and Socony Mobil).

Aramco operates the oil industry of Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia does not admit Jews—whom it regards as supporters, even when not citizens, of a nation with which it is at war—to take jobs within its borders. Since most of Aramco's 3,000 U.S. employees work in Saudi Arabia, and all of them are on call to be sent there, Aramco requires them to hold Saudi passports, which are not issued to Jews.

This arrangement has been accepted since 1950 by the New York State Commission against Discrimination—which has on the whole shown much common sense in applying New York's theoretical non-discrimination law within a community which, like all communities that ever did, do or will exist on earth, exhibits many varieties of discrimination in practice.

Judge Epstein annulled the arrangement. He ordered the Commissioner to go after Aramco with fire and brimstone. He tossed aside the State Department's position, which had held that "any finding . . . which would compel Aramco to employ persons of the Jewish faith in Saudi Arabia . . . would most certainly prejudice the company's operations in that country and would probably adversely affect the United States' interests as well." With a final burst of eloquence, Judge Epstein concluded:

"The film of oil which blurs the vision of Aramco has apparently affected the commission. . . . Aramco cannot defy the declared public policy of New York State and violate its statute . . . no matter what the King of Saudi Arabia says. The laws of New York State cannot be cast aside to protect the oil profits of Aramco. The answer is simple: Go elsewhere to serve your Arab master—but not in New York State."

In the days before *Brown* v. *Board of Education* these idiocies would have been laughable. If they had been mumbled from a lower bench, we could have waited confidently for them to be brushed into the wastebaskets at higher stages of the judicial process. As things are now going, it looks like a good precaution to clear the guest list for your next cocktail party with the Anti-Defamation League and the NAACP.

Indian Takers?

What could be the motive for the new Chinese Communist aggression along India's northeastern frontier? Is Mao Tse-tung using a lever on Khrushchev to press China's claim for recognition at the forthcoming White House talks? Is Red China out to prove that the Chinese can, whenever and wherever they want—in the Formosa Strait, in Laos, and now along the Himalayas—easily trip up any Soviet defrosting operation? Or are things really so bad inside famine and flood-ridden China as to cause Mao to take the course of many other hard-pressed tyrants, to dissipate internal discontent by focusing national attention on imperialistic glory?

What can have caused Mao to alienate his single most important advocate on the world scale? Can Mao really be intending to drive Nehru into the enemy camp, knowing that if India drops her sponsorship of Peiping in the UN no other important uncommitted nation will take it up? What use has China for the windswept, sparsely settled, largely uncharted wastes now in dispute—other than as an invasion base?

It is more likely that Red China is moving, as ever, in concert with Moscow. For the pressures on the West must never relent; and it is more convenient, given the social demands of the impending

meeting, that they should come, for the nonce, from China than from Russia—particularly since every now and then the Communist line likes to stress the fiction that China is her own master. Possibly, also, the Communists are engaged in disciplining Nehru, who in recent months has permitted himself a few mild criticisms of the brutal Chinese communes. Nehru was displeased by last year's Formosa crisis and let it be known. Worse still, in recent months he gave asylum to the fugitive Dalai Lama and only last month cracked down on the Communist government of Kerala. And if, while scaring Nehru back into spineless acceptance of his long-time role as Communist China's international megaphone, China should gain a few miles of territory or catch a few more escaping Tibetans, so much the better.

Notes and Asides

Babes in Arms

What is remarkable about this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, other than the range of talent and concern shown by the authors, is the ease with which it was put together. The idea occurred to us, some months ago, that much too much is being said about the nation's articulate youth being a) Liberal, and b) dreamy (though it is indeed difficult to be the one without becoming the other). Why not, we asked ourselves, devote an entire issue of NATIONAL REVIEW to disproving the libel? Why not, for example, an issue written by contributors 29 or under?

But what kind of issue? One built around a Theme? We were given the grace to resist *that* temptation. This issue, accordingly, is *not* an issue about, for example, Youth, by youth; it is not about any single thing at all: it is simply another issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, with guest writers taking on the regularly scheduled departments.

"Peter Crumpet" has written before for the magazine. He is well known for having invented President Willmoore Wheeler, whose tenure of the White House is of blessed memory. Crumpet lives in Spain with his wife and four children, where he is writing novels. He graduated from Yale two years after his older brother, the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW . . . Richard Whalen led a vociferous conservative faction in Queens College, the Robert A. Taft Club. On graduating, he went south to apprentice under the editor of the *Richmond News-Leader,* James Jackson Kilpatrick. In recent weeks, Whalen's talented pen caught the eye of that great predator of writing talent, Time Inc., where his duties begin next month . . . J. David Futch is a graduate of Johns Hopkins where he stayed to do postgraduate work in history until the Army commandeered him to perform some urgent irrelevancies in Europe as a Pfc. Futch plans to return to school to work for his doctorate as soon as he is discharged. He wrote most recently for NATIONAL REVIEW "Lord Russell's Slander" (August 15) . . . M. Stanton Evans, son of Medford Evans, edited NATIONAL REVIEW's shortlived Louisville edition (our miscalculation, not his), was associate editor of *Human Events* for several years, and is now editorial writer on the *Indianapolis News.*

John Leonard has been a member of NATIONAL REVIEW's staff since he thought better of continuing at Harvard. He wrote recently the story of Ernesto de la Fé (June 6) . . . Garry Wills has spent the summer in London at work on a book on G. K. Chesterton. He is working for his Ph.D. in the classics at the graduate school at Yale University, having previously been trained at a Jesuit seminary, and at Xavier College in Cincinnati. He is all of 23 years old; and recently married the airplane stewardess he met while flying to Washington to do a story for NATIONAL REVIEW on James Hoffa (Sept. 14, 1957) . . . Robert Y. Drake Jr. teaches English at Northwestern, having received a Ph.D. from Yale a year or two ago. He is summering in England, at work on some prodigious project, details unknown . . . Michael M. Mooney runs his own public relations firm in New York City, and very likely will run the entire industry before he is through, and if the industry knows what's good for it, it will just quietly give in. He graduated from an ambitious little college in New Jersey, is married, has three children, sails, wins . . . Maureen Buckley O'Reilly was once on the staff of the magazine, but spurned us for Mr. O'Reilly, and recently produced a daughter. She was graduated from Smith College.

Carol Dawson works for Senator Keating in Washington, having graduated from Dumbarton College in the District . . . J. P. McFadden is, of course, assistant publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW; an expert on military history, he worked as a reporter on the *Youngstown Vindicator* before going to the Army; and is a graduate of Youngstown College in Ohio . . . Rosalie Miller is a young painter with a gruesome interest in wars and generals and power relationships . . . J. L. Weil is a young poet (*Logarithms, Quarrel With Rose*) . . . Roger MacBride, a lawyer, is in charge of a training program of the Society of American Management. He is author of *American Electoral College* and *Treaties vs. the Constitution,* published by The Caxton Press.

We regret extremely that a shortage of space prevented us from running in this issue excellent material we have received from other young writers. Their reviews and articles will appear in future issues. Next time, to make it a real challenge, we'll set the age limit at eighteen.

A Call for National Mourning

THE President of the United States, in his capacity as the Nation's chief executive, has issued a personal invitation to the Premier of the Soviet Union to visit this country. It is clear that the President does not intend the invitation to imply American approval of Premier Khrushchev, or of his government, or of the world Communist movement he heads. It is equally clear, however, that Communist propaganda will make every effort to falsify the meaning of the visit. Mindful of the grave consequences of any misunderstanding in this matter, we, the undersigned deem the moment appropriate to reaffirm America's commitment to the cause of world-wide freedom.

We hold these assertions to be beyond dispute:

—that the cause of freedom is indivisible; the loss of freedom anywhere is a loss everywhere; and perils to freedom, wherever they arise, imperil us all;

—that the world Communist movement, guided by the government of the Soviet Union, is responsible for the loss of freedom of hundreds of millions of people in Europe and Asia, and seeks the eventual enslavement of all mankind;

—that the American people, and their government, are rightly regarded as the chief defenders of freedom in the world—a role due in part to our country's physical might, in part to her tradition of sacrifice in freedom's behalf.

It follows that the cause of freedom would suffer a grievous blow from any suggestion that America's resolve to defend itself and the Free World has slackened, or that her solicitude for Communism's captives has diminished.

We believe, therefore, that Mr. Khrushchev's visit should be the occasion of a renewed expression of America's dedication to freedom and justice in the world.

Such an expression would strengthen the President's hand in dealing with Mr. Khrushchev; it would afford fresh testimony of the American people's unwavering determination to stand behind their government's efforts to resist Communist aggression.

It would relieve the anxieties of Free World people who may be affected by Communist efforts to portray the visit as evidence of American weakness.

It would have a salutary effect on Mr. Khrushchev. The Soviet ruler, we assume, is fully apprised of our military and industrial strength. He must be made equally aware of our moral strength. He must be shown that the American people are far stronger in their resolve to resist tyranny than he has apparently been led to believe. It would be an incalculable tragedy should Mr. Khrushchev be in any doubt after his visit to our shores that America's cause is freedom, and that to this cause we have pledged our national honor.

It would assure the captive peoples of America's continued support of their aspirations to freedom. America has never recognized, and will never recognize, the claims of naked power. Our nation is founded on the principle that all men have a God-given right to be free. America has supported and will continue to support all those who seek liberation from the grinding tyranny of the slave-state. Our friends-in-bondage must understand that the presence in our midst of their captor does not imply acceptance of him or of his conquests, that it does not signify a diminished solicitude for their plight. Their precious cause remains foremost in our hearts, and in our prayers.

To these ends, we call upon the American people, on the occasion of the Soviet ruler's visit, to demonstrate their solidarity with the victims of Communism by a concerted manifestation of national mourning. We suggest, for example, the holding of religious services in cities through which he passes and throughout the nation, as one means of mourning for the victims of Communist terror and of expressing America's dedication to worldwide freedom. Whatever symbols are employed, we urge all Americans to deport themselves with dignity and restraint. We seek an expression of spiritual unity with the victims of tyranny.

By thus identifying ourselves with the martyrs to our common cause, we would remind Mr. Khrushchev that love of freedom and justice still burns fiercely in the hearts of Americans. We would remind him that behind our guns and factories, there is dedication and purpose and will.

There is no need for America to bare her muscles. Let us uncover her heart.

STYLES BRIDGES
THOMAS J. DODD
PAUL H. DOUGLAS
WALTER H. JUDD

Committee for Freedom of All Peoples
931 G. Street NW, Washington, D. C.

National Trends

The Anatomy of a Murder

M. STANTON EVANS

The white-feather merchants of Pennsylvania and Madison Avenues have scored their greatest triumph. They have sold Nikita Khrushchev.

A "summit" get-together between Eisenhower and Khrushchev was arranged long before Nixon departed for Moscow in July. But the United States government—thanks to the unremitting efforts of Secretary Dulles—has been sternly on record in opposition to such a meeting. How, then, could this stunning policy reversal be put over on the American people?

The sales program had roughly three stages: *First,* and most difficult, to convince the American people of the legitimacy, practical and moral, of Khrushchev's visit. *Second* (and surprisingly easy) to silence the conservative element—which might, if it worked hard enough, all too crushingly demonstrate to the people that the visit could not be justified on any grounds. *Third,* and easiest of all, to convince the country, and the conservatives in particular, that there was no use fighting it anyway.

The "Misconceptions" Theme

The first stage consisted of a six-months' period of conditioning—as the Mikoyan, Kozlov and Nixon visits accustomed the people to high-level fraternizations—and an intense session of hypnotic nonsense about Khrushchev's "misconceptions."

The "misconceptions" argument built to its effect gradually—as a PR campaign should. In the July issue of the *Reader's Digest* (out in June), Senator Prescott Bush argued that, since the Reds don't appreciate how strong we are, we should have them over for a look around. Next came Averell Harriman in *Life,* croaking that, in the glassy roll of Khrushchev's eye, he had glimpsed the *Götterdämmerung.* Then a reporter teased an admission from the President that well, maybe, if Khrushchev could just *see* this really *great* land of ours—now that you mention it, Bert—maybe his misconceptions might be cleared up out of this whole area of his thinking.

From here the "misconception" theme swelled until a thousand voices had joined the mighty chorus. In article and broadcast the conciliators hurled the word at each other with the fierce abandon common to such practiced fakery. Then, when the shouting had about reached its apogee, the Administration revealed the "accomplished fact": Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Eisenhower are going to exchange visits, period, and nothing can be done about it.

This was a time of real crisis for the surrender claque—the time when the bitter-end anti-Communists had somehow to be shut up. For of course something *could* be done about it, as Khrushchev's rebuff by the Scandinavian countries had well demonstrated. Conservative politicians there had blown their tops over a proposed Khrushchev visit—also supposed to be an "accomplished fact"—and the press had stormed at proffering hospitality to the premier despot on historical record. The result was that Khrushchev called off the trip.

How to prevent such a conservative protest in America? It was here that the Nixon visit to Russia assumed its crucial role. If the appeasement forces could entwine Nixon with the Khrushchev sojourn, making it appear that his political future somehow depended on its going off well, they could largely choke off the one cohesive group of rightists with some kind of access to the mass media—the Republican Old Guard. Without minimizing the valor and travail of many good conservatives—including some in Congress—it may be conceded that the maneuver, up to the time of this writing, has been a magnificent success.

This correspondent has canvassed opinion among many conservative Republicans, whose natural instinct would be to scream, and scream loud, about a Khrushchev trip to America. Almost invariably their reaction has been: we have to keep quiet about this; we don't want to hurt Nixon. Blasts against the trip by such as Senator Homer Capehart—at the same time that he was endorsing Rockefeller—have served to confound the confusion. The conservatives are victims of a masterful experiment in political behaviorism—undergoing a switch in stimulus. All the right bells are ringing, but the wrong people are ringing them.

Campaign of Fatalism

Finally, the third and most successful stage of the sales promotion—exploitation of the "nothing can be done about it" theme. Indolence is the natural condition of modern man, even in the face of flagrant outrage. And if action can be made to seem a fruitless, symbolic gesture, only an iron determination can produce any kind of sustained agitation. Through a campaign of fatalism, even those anti-Communists so angry as to be reckless of Nixon's future might be prevented from stirring up more than a token protest.

The campaign has so far proved more effective than its sponsors had a right to expect. Even the most incensed critics of the visit have succumbed to the "it's done" anaesthetic, uttering the narcotic phrase even as they rose to voice their objections. They were all too willing to acknowledge a supposed *fait accompli*—to accept the convenient in the name of the inevitable.

This turn produced the final enrichment of the jest—a delightful irony that no doubt was good for many a genteel boff in the conference rooms at Foggy Bottom. For if all the people now intoning "it's an accomplished fact" instead should rise in wrath to demand that the invitation be withdrawn, the Scandinavian rebuke might well be duplicated here.

The experience has confirmed what needed no confirming: that the American left is peopled with mental and moral dwarfs. But worse, it has revealed an alarming decline of will among conservatives—and considerable confusion among them as to immediate and final goals.

The Dirty Plot

The complete details of an insidious and highly confidential plan for conservatives to infiltrate and Seize Control. Shh! . . .

PETER CRUMPET

What I have in mind is a plot. Not a gentlemantly sort of plot; in fact, a rather nasty one. I can't think of anything that would be more fun.

We should begin with the problem. Liberals are the problem. It may be that they are on the run intellectually. . . . But in politics Liberals are entrenched. They are in control of the machinery that makes and enforces laws. How do we get rid of them?

Liberalism presents peculiar difficulties. Most other parasites appear to be vulnerable. You can stink out moths, but raise as big a stink as you want to—and Liberals thrive (recall, for a moment, the case of Paul Hughes, or of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.). Termites, when they burrow into chairs, can be reached by injections of insecticide, and then sealed into their holes with wax; but Liberals have riddled the seat of government in such numbers that before we succeed in eliminating them the seat itself is likely to collapse!

We must seek a practical solution, one which will follow Liberals into their holes after the manner of ferrets. We must be sinuous; we must be lethal; we must be as merciless as the creatures we seek to destroy.

So what do we do? *I* have a program. I believe we should work within the context of political realities, and the following plan is confidently submitted as doing just that.

I. The first objective would seem to be that of *Getting Conservatives Back into Politics*—a highly desirable end needing no general elaboration, I am sure. The manner in which it is to be achieved can be broken down into three recommendations.

a. We can call this one *Don't Get Caught with the Washington Complex.* Charity begins at home, and so does patronage. Conservative candidates ought to be selected on the smallest community level to run for whatever political office, from tax-collector to dog-catcher. We must remember that there are conservative and non-conservative ways of doing simply everything. A non-conservative tax-collector can be defined as the man who collects taxes. A conservative tax-collector, to the contrary, is a man who fails to collect as many taxes as he is capable of not collecting without calling upon himself the dogs of the Revenue Department (in which exigency, the conservative dog-catcher becomes important).

The conservative tax-collector endears himself to his victims by calling regularly at their homes and weeping with them. He should rant against a world so cruel as to force a man to earn his living off the living of his neighbors. In all cases the script will be punctuated by suitable sobs, hand-wringing, brow-smacking and tub-thumping. He should describe himself and his superiors as the foul leeches of society, a fact which he need not stress to the point of having himself lynched.

Wherever possible, the conservative tax-collector should procure low assessments. He will eventually run into trouble with the authorities, but by this time he will be a popular hero. With luck, the latent antagonism against taxes might flare up in a few highly satisfactory tar-and-featherings.

Plenty of Planks

b. The next thing on the agenda is to *Flood the Field.* A conservative candidate should be designated to run for the nomination of both major political parties, from alderman to federal senator. He should *not* run as a conservative. His platform should consist of—himself. Pressed for clarification, he will soberly tick off the following planks: More Peace (the alliterative variant being, Peacier Peace); Fuller Full Employment; More Social Social Security (it is the *emphasis,* after all, that counts); the Sounds, at least, of a Sound Economy; and a Budget Balanced Against the Just Demands of the People (But Not So As You Can Tell). Any platform quite so mixed up as this will earn the respect of political commentators, the envy of professional politicians and the votes of the electorate. Once in office, the conservative candidate should refer repeatedly to his platform, and follow none of it—a hoary tactic, but not to be despised. Somebody found out a few years back that although the electorate is given the opportunity to throw out a representative every few years, this rarely happens on the grounds of what the representative said he would do and didn't, or did do when he said he wouldn't.

c. The last recommendation is to use *Blackmail Wherever Possible.* In the event that the conservative candidate fails to win the nomination of either party, he should run as an independent. A careful estimate of who is trailing in the race can give the conservative independent the opportunity to make deals. He can throw his support one way or the other. This is an old trick also, but we can add a new twist. Running independently, the conservative candidate should hew to a platform more troglodytic even than what *Time* would call "Neanderthal." For example, he should claim that a dollar has one hundred cents in it, and no more, a contention that is certain to earn the scorn of the lowliest high school economics student. He might claim that charity and Christian brotherhood are matters for the churches to attend to, not the government, which statement ought surely to elicit from the World Council of Churches a thundering denial. These and other

pernicious opinions should make him so loathsome to political columnists, major party candidates and all the respectable, progressive people of the community, that his threat would take the following shape: "If you don't give me such-and-such post in the new Administration, I *will* throw you my support, lauding you to the skies." This will terrify the major party candidates. They will promise him almost anything if only he will come out for the other fellow, and by this means our independent conservative can deal himself a most advantageous appointment: let us say, fire chief—a position with inestimable political opportunities when you consider that a firewagon can either be slow or fast in getting to your house, and it often depends on whether the fire chief has remembered where he put the ignition keys.

The Popular Front

II. The next major objective in the political campaign is to *Make Good Use of Conservatives Already Holding Elective Office*—accomplished by dividing available material into good guys and bad guys. To students of Lenin, it is known as the method of maneuvering the opposition into a compromise which comprises only the opposition; or, more succinctly, as the Popular Front technique.

a. The first occupational assignment can be described as the *Creation of a Favorable Political Climate.* The man chosen to serve this purpose must be an amiable sort, generously giving up his time to help Liberal colleagues with anything, from the preparation of a report intended to disguise misappropriation of public funds to the arrangements for an office hoop-la.

Let us consider a conservative member of the Congress. Preferably his background should be one of public relations. It helps if he is an alumnus of a football college. He will be quiet in debate. If the most rabid left-winger on his congressional committee should require a secretary who is also proficient in typing, our conservative congressman will spare no energies in providing his political opponent with just such a prodigy. He should be more than willing to offer Liberal colleagues his pencil-sharpener, his latest joke, or even his private compilation of Phrases That Can Be Taken to Mean Anything. Should the chairman of his committee get caught in a political rapids at home, the conservative congressman will be the first to launch a life-raft: he will stomp his chairman's congressional district, telling everybody, "Although Mr. Jones and I sometimes have our little disagreements, I cannot go along with his critics when they say he is a pathological liar (he is *not* pathological), a mental invertebrate (he is not mental at *all*), or an immoral political pervert —my friends, he is a more *moral* one." There ought to be a pause here. Then: "No, my friends, I won't be a party to calumnious half-truths. I would surely miss Mr. Jones' leadership in our committee, and I think you people would miss his representation in the Congress: because if there ever was a man who reflected his constituents more accurately and devotedly, I can't think of him."

Mr. Jones cannot but be grateful to our conservative congressman. In fact, the whole committee will be indebted to him. "Harvey?" they will say: "Thoroughly agreeable fellow, antiquated in his views, perhaps, but

no ranting extremist." When Harvey asks a little favor in return, pleading that his constituents will really get on his back if the measure proposed by the Honorable J. Spendthrift isn't toned down a bit, why, how can they refuse!

In this disingenuous assignment, Harvey will be aided materially by the conservative congressman fulfilling the . . .

b. Second assignment, which can be defined as *Calling Every Pot a Spade, and Every Spade Black.* This man, whom we might dub Fahr N. Brimstone, is not required to be at *all* amiable. His background might be that of a street rabble-rouser, a cold intellectual or a hard-faced, self-made man. He will not be quiet in debate: it should take the whole House and a fire hose to make him sit down. He will denounce every Liberal measure as an assault on the virtue of Little Orphan Annie, Grandma Moses and the Constitution besides. He will provide none of his committee-colleagues with anything more than a case of dyspepsia; on the contrary, he will flaunt his gorgeous, Phi Beta Kappa secretary in their faces. He will periodically invade the home grounds of his committee chairman to tell the constituents that their representative is the fork on the tail of Beelzebub. He will propose one hundred conservative bills to every Liberal bill, and he will fight tooth-and-nail, and filibuster to boot, against each jot and tittle of a leftist measure. If not cordially detested by all, he is a failure.

He will be feared by many. He will appear so terrifyingly principled that the timid suggestions of Harvey—the amiable conservative—will look like Providential Solutions. Fahr N. Brimstone should never fail to denounce Harvey's "compromise" as a sell-out, and to call Harvey himself a side-windin' turncoat bushwhacker.

This, as I have indicated, is the tactic of demanding on the one hand so much that what you suavely grab on the other hand seems like a victory for your opponents. That is why when Eisenhower proposes nowadays what Roosevelt would have been run out of town for, the Chase Manhattan Bank prepares a banquet.

As Civil Servant

III. The last major assignment is the *Infiltration of the Non-elective Branches of Government.* Administrative agencies are ripe fields for the conservative saboteur. They are, perhaps, the fields upon which the most important campaigns are waged.

It must be made clear at once that the conservative civil servant should have no political personality *whatsoever.* He should concentrate—for twenty years if need be—on working diligently to fulfill the wishes of his superiors. He should learn so much about his office work that he is indispensably involved in every transaction of paper and every application of policy. He may eventually become section chief, or an Under Secretary. Almost imperceptibly he should begin to pad the lower echelons with people of his choosing, thoroughly

loyal workers who depend upon him and him alone for their livelihood.

a. There is no need to belabor the point by detailing *Methods of Procedure.* There are all sorts of ways of sabotaging an administrative decree, and by sabotaging the decree, of invalidating the whole law.

Every regulation has to be interpreted. Reaching the office of our conservative department chief, the regulation is "interpreted" by being held up for fifteen months, until it is forgotten about. This happens to be my method of handling those matters that seem so important at the moment, such as bank deficits, wedding invitations, notices from the dentist, etc. If this method does not work, as in the case of bank deficits and cavities, the regulation is sent to various section heads for ACTION, and these section heads, either conservative plants or staffed with conservative plants, ACT by losing it in the files or by making paper darts out of the regulation and zooming it through an open window.

Occasionally someone will be caught—denounced for laziness or incompetence. The conservative chief should call the culprit on the carpet and read him a great lecture. He may then fire the culprit . . . having seen to it first that a buddy in another government agency has hired him. This is a variation on passing-the-buck, known in government circles as passing-the-bum.

A Case History

b. We cannot conclude without adumbrating at least one of the *Difficulties That May Be Encountered,* and *How to Get Out of Them (It).* Every now and then an appointee will come along who will be difficult for the conservative saboteur to handle. Let us take an actual case and fictionalize it. Let us presume that the housing authority of New York City has been infiltrated by a number of conservative agents, one of them becoming sub-chief. But the Mayor of New York appoints a Liberal-ideologue to direct the housing authority. This fellow is wise to the ways of bureaucratic stalling. He is the worst of all bureaucrats—the conscientious, energetic and effective bureaucrat. Besides, he would like to be Mayor of New York himself.

He therefore proposes that nobody should be allowed to refuse the rental of an apartment on the basis of race, creed or color. The city housing administration approves unanimously; the Mayor approves, wishing he had thought of it himself; the Governor approves—a little anxiously, since he owns some fashionable properties; and the President of the United States approves, giving it as his opinion that the Almighty approves also. The conservative sub-chief does not presume to take up where the Prince of Angels left off. What does he do?

He prosecutes the policy of his Liberal-ideologue chief with such zest that he makes it thoroughly disagreeable to almost everybody. He hales the NAACP to court, charging that organization with refusal to rent an office to a White Supremacy group. He gets a court injunction closing the doors of the newly opened Huntington Hartford Museum, claiming that this museum would not give space to works by Pollock or Motherwell or Baziotes, quite clearly a case of discrimination on account of color.

He goes further. He shouts *bias!* where any fool can see that there is no bias. When he has exhausted every abuse of authority he can think of, he thinks up some more abuses with which to exhaust the patience of the public. He reports to his exhausted chief that many dirty rascals are using trumped-up excuses not to rent to a Zen Buddhist or a Hottentot. He lists some of these tawdry excuses: "Rental refused on grounds of personal aversion to wall-eyed people"; "rental refused on grounds that man with crutch stomps holes in floors"; "rental refused on grounds that people with false dentures invariably drop dentures down drains while washing them, clogging said drain."

By proceeding in this *ad absurdum* way, the wide-awake conservative underling can ridicule almost anything. The absurd lengths to which Liberals have forced conservatives to push the McCarran Act, in order to undermine it, immediately come to mind. They have gone so far as to use it to refuse well-known Communists entry into the United States, and we can all remember the hubbub which *that* ridiculous interpretation has caused.

It may be objected that this plan for defeating the enemy requires as much hard work by conservatives as Liberals perform.

Goodness *knows* I don't mean to suggest any such thing. Just as Liberals depend on a minority of zealots to achieve their political victories, so this plan calls for a relatively small minority of conservatives—that odious group of fanatics who believe that what they profess is worth dedicating their lives to, and who don't understand that most of us are Extremely Important and Busy People with extremely important golf dates, and besides, Mayor Wagner belongs to the same bridge club. I am speaking of the type of fellow who manages to make one so uncomfortable at cocktail parties when one just happens to mention one's conservatism: the moment one opens one's mouth, the gauche creature starts stuffing it with subscription blanks and pamphlets, and before one knows it one is out on the street ringing doorbells and generally making a spectacle of oneself. The plan, as I have outlined it, would keep such objectionable people out of nice houses, at least, leaving us to drink our drinkies in peace.

I was about to close the article here when somebody very Dear to me said: "Dear, just *who* is going to direct your plan for a political campaign?" I answered, "Why a Central Committee, naturally: silly question." She said, "And who will comprise that committee? Do you really think you are ever going to get anybody to agree with anybody else?"

Unsophisticated minds tend to discover problems where there are none. The answer is quite simple, so I needn't go into it. If I've said it once, I've said it. . . . Does that give her any right to go about addressing me as Sir Dreamer? Of *course* I shall head the Central Committee and select the members. Who thought of the plan first?

The THIRD WORLD WAR

J. D. FUTCH

The Day of the Let's Pretends

"This damned morality is going to ruin everything!"
Lord Melbourne, ca. 1840

To tell the truth, it doesn't matter very much to us what "the world" thinks of America and of the West—how Nehru and Sukarno felt about the Hiss hassle, "McCarthyism," "germ warfare," and Suez. The oracles of the Establishment set up such criteria as these for our guidance in foreign affairs, but we might do better to begin turning things around and asking what the West thinks of the world, for this question, and not its reverse, will lead us to one of the gravest of all the contradictions in Western attitudes which, taken together, have left us semi-paralyzed and at times scarcely able to prosecute the Cold War at all. What has happened is that since the "victory" of 1945 we have somehow grown afraid of Africa and Asia (This is the Western, not the editorial *we*). And why the people whom the fathers commanded now inspire fear in the sons is explained by circumstances we should examine.

The one-time colonial powers have worn one another into a state of comparative debility *vis-à-vis* the world's underdeveloped nations. The two wars which wrecked the Continent and washed away the foundations of its social order have made it impossible to launch anew, for the time being, imperialism in the grand manner of the nineteenth or sixteenth centuries, and likewise made it very difficult to maintain existing dependencies in the face of organized minority agitation masquerading as popular revolution.

This granted, we should also take account of a further and more deeply rooted psychological factor to which historians may end by assigning decisive responsibility for the collapse of the Western position in the world and for throwing the way open to Soviet penetration of the greater part of the globe. Little enough has been said or written about the basis, or the very existence, of "the dogma of revolution," a liberal and above all an Anglo-Saxon conviction that underdogs everywhere will and ought to rise soon or late against their oppressors.

Such a doctrine has animated, or in some cases simply excused, US foreign policy since the opening of the nineteenth century when our attitude towards the revolt of the Spanish American colonies foreshadowed darkly the part we would play in the breakup and "liberation" of the British, French, and Dutch possessions after World War II.

Conscious of our position at the head of a coalition that includes the greatest of the old colonizing powers, and, conscious, too, of an imagined moral duty to "atone" somehow for their imperialism of other times, we have been rampaging through the world sowing revolution among people little able to grasp the Spirit of '76—as Arnold J. Toynbee rhapsodized, "beckoning them to the pursuit of the American revolutionary objectives: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Behind us lie the wrecks of empires, whose fragments are patiently gathered up by the Soviet Union, the only long-run beneficiary of an American policy based upon misunderstanding and misapplication of the principles which inspired our Revolutionary statesmen.

When our leaders welcomed the uprising in Spain's colonies, they did so in order to transform the hemisphere into Fortress America and surely not to realize the vagaries of socio-political witch-doctors. The United States drew political profit from the development, and the ideological fanfare accompanying our policy was principally eyewash. But we who have misread our own history are now committed to encouragement of virtually all "independence" movements everywhere, even (or *particularly*) in the case of countries so little ready for self-government as to become the certain prey of native dictators or Communist regimes or both. Innumerable of these let's-pretend states have been thrown up in the wake of the retreating West, and whatever their ultimate fate may be, they are now undermining whatever usefulness the UN might have had.

There should be no confusion among us at least as to the single *raison d'être* creditable to the UN at the time of its inception: that from 1945 onwards it serve as a Western instrument for maintaining the peace won through war. This would have been analogous to the French view of the League of Nations in 1919. It was owing to Western unwillingness to utilize the League effectively to this end that it evaporated. However, we had the opportunity in the mid-1940's to profit from the lesson and to weld the United Nations into a massive anti-Soviet alliance, which, after all, would have been the historically logical second stage of development for the organization which began its career during the war as a world-wide combination against the Axis.

As it is, the UN bids fair to take its place one day, among the hostile forces confronting the West. For it is rapidly filling up with new member states, admitted with absurd haste and indiscrimination, most of them under the leadership—if not the iron hand—of Western-educated ideologues oriented towards autocracy and Marxism at home and neutralism or outright Russophilia abroad. The UN is being transformed into a standing convention of the Anti-West. Winston Churchill, the tragic prophet, witness, and commentator of so many disasters in our time, has remarked that the flood of newly independent (Afro-Asian) countries into the world organization is threatening to alter the balance within it in a manner very disadvantageous to the free world and in no way foreseen (by the West?) at the time of the San Francisco Conference. If, under these circumstances, the long-called-for "teeth" should ever be written into the Charter, then we might prepare for the bad dreams banished in the West during the twelve hundred years since Charles Martel turned back the Moors at Tours.

Prince Edward: Law and Reality

Prince Edward County did not intend to accept integration, ever. Will it now pave the way for widespead private schooling in the South?

RICHARD WHALEN

Since May 17, 1954, events have moved inexorably toward the showdown now unfolding in Prince Edward County, where public education has been abandoned and replaced by a private school system. Among the gently rolling hills of Piedmont Virginia, near where the Confederacy crumbled 94 years ago, the last stand of the rural South has begun.

Make no mistake: this is the crucial test, the inevitable conflict of the forces of tradition and innovation. Sturgis, Clinton, Little Rock, Front Royal—these may come to be regarded as skirmishes on the road to Prince Edward County. For here, in deadly earnest, the rural South will make its stand. Unlike the cities of the new South, the counties of the old find no political or economic obstacles in the path of total resistance. There are no government contracts or military installations or new industries to be lost, no groups of influential "moderates" to be appeased. To a very considerable extent, the rural South is self-contained, closed to ideas, arguments and threats that prevail elsewhere.

A co-defendant in the original desegregation suit, Prince Edward is a prosperous tobacco-growing community, some 60 miles southwest of Richmond. Farmville, the drowsy trading center, has a population of about 4,700. Roughly half of Prince Edward's 16,000 inhabitants are Negroes, most of them dirt farmers, sawmill hands and pulpwood cutters. In the abiding calm of the county's red clay fields and densely wooded hills, there is a sense of timelessness, as though the Army of Northern Virginia has passed on its way to Appomattox only yesterday. County industry is negligible. Traffic in ideas is similarly sluggish, despite the presence of state-supported Longwood College and privately endowed Hampden-Sydney College. For the ordinary citizens, life follows well-worn paths, embracing the farm and Main Street, the court house square and the crossroads store.

Then, of course, there are the county schools, 20 of them (7 white, 13 Negro), now empty and padlocked. Until last spring, 1,477 white and 1,715 Negro children found in their schools islands of social intercourse in a sea of rural loneliness. They came to school not only to study, but also to play. And the schools were no less important to their parents, whose clubs met regularly at the buildings in the evening. A part of the settled order of things, performing a vital social, as well as educational function, the schools of Prince Edward naturally were segregated. To lower the bars at Farmville's white high school was believed by white citizens to be merely a prelude to lowering the bars everywhere.

The Rural Situation

Viewed dispassionately, this reasoning is not so twisted as some Northerners may suppose. True, in the past year, Arlington, Alexandria and Norfolk peacefully accommodated themselves to court-ordered integration. And why not Prince Edward? For much the same reason that brought the startling boycott of Warren County's high school last year: numbers. In the cities and urban counties of Virginia, integration means white acceptance of a relative handful of Negro children. Not so in Prince Edward, or in communities across the South that are watching and learning from the showdown in Virginia.

Outside the few towns and hamlets, there is no residential segregation in Prince Edward; moreover, there are relatively few schools, which serve broad areas of the county. Consequently, there can be no racially exclusive school attendance districts, and "pupil assignment," the favorite evasive device of urban areas, is impossible. Thus, if integration were to occur in Prince Edward, many white children would, in effect, attend Negro schools. To the Southern white, whose gnawing fear of black engulfment is the root of the region's political life, integration on these terms is simply unthinkable.

"Unalterable Opposition"

To be sure, "massive resistance," as a statewide policy, is legally dead. More congenial to the reality of most of Virginia is the "freedom of choice" local option plan, framed last winter by the Perrow Commission and endorsed by Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr. But the lively ghost of "massive resistance" walks the Black Belt, surviving as a habit of closed minds and the desperate strategy of the eternally irreconcilable.

Since the early afternoon of that fateful spring day five years ago, Prince Edward County's course has been determined. In July 1954, the county board of supervisors expressed "unalterable opposition to the operation of nonsegregated public schools." A year later, this resolve was translated into the Prince Edward Educational Foundation, the South's first non-profit organization pledged to pay white teachers' salaries in private schools. Was this merely the will of a ruling clique, the handiwork of the Byrd organization's court house ring? Quite obviously not, for the grass roots spoke in April 1956, when more than 1,500 citizens declared: "We affirm the conviction that the separation of the races in the public schools in the county is absolutely necessary and do affirm that we prefer to abandon public schools and educate our children in some other way, if that be necessary, to preserve

separation of the races in the schools of this county."

Ultimately, it did prove necessary. Federal District Judge Sterling Hutcheson, a native of Southside Virginia, in 1958, reluctantly set a date when integration must occur in Prince Edward County: September 1965. Ten years after the Supreme Court's enunciation of the doctrine of "deliberate speed" was, in Judge Hutcheson's sober view, a not unreasonable "cooling off" period in a community that had experienced a complete breakdown of interracial trust and communication. But his delay did not stand. Last May, on appeal from the NAACP, a three-judge federal court ordered that the county begin integration in September 1959.

Prince Edward promptly struck school operating costs from the fiscal 1960 budget, dropped the tax rate from $3.40 to $1.60 and set in motion the private school machinery kept in readiness for more than four years. Pledges were renewed, cash poured in, and by late summer the Prince Edward Educational Foundation had almost achieved its goal of $ 295,000 for the first year of operation.

Almost all of the county's white children have been registered for instruction in churches and lodge halls. Sixty-three of 71 white teachers who taught in the public school system last year are under contract with the Foundation. (A great many of the teachers, incidentally, are natives of the county. Their ties to the community are not merely economic; there will be no "teachers' revolt," as there was when Norfolk's schools closed last year.) The early stages of the transition have been remarkably smooth. The Patrick Henry Elementary School, for example, plans to move to the white-columned, green-shuttered Prospect Methodist Church, set snugly in a grove of oak and pine. Volunteers have altered the building's heating plant and added a fire escape. The Prince Edward Academy will meet in two Farmville churches, which are expected to handle comfortably nearly 1,000 junior and senior high school students. Five other elementary schools and another academy complete the private school system.

For the Negro children, whose six-year-old, $900,000 high school was the most modern building in the county, there is quite literally nothing. Some children are enrolling at Negro schools in surrounding counties, making tuition payments with money provided through state grants. Others are being sent to live with relatives outside the state. Many others—perhaps the majority of Negro school children—are without any formal education. Seventy Negro teachers are jobless.

The plight of Prince Edward County's Negroes is starkly tragic, especially because there is reason to believe that few of them, young and old, wished to sacrifice their schools on the altar of militancy. Two years ago, five plaintiffs in the Prince Edward desegregation case testified in federal court that they had not known the suit was filed in their behalf until 1957—six years after the case was begun. (One Negro mother told the court she had signed a "paper," which she believed was a petition for "better schools." It was, in fact, a document authorizing the NAACP to take legal action against the school board.)

Negroes Are Conservative

Often overlooked in the desegregation controversy is the fact that the Negro, too, is a Southerner, deeply conservative and suspicious of change. Generations of coexistence as an inferior, in a paradoxically remote, yet intimate relationship with the white man, have bred caution and good-natured fatalism into the Negro. With dignity and forbearance, not visibly tainted by a sense of self-betrayal, he is generally willing to "go along" with things as they are. Only a small hard core of Prince Edward Negroes, no more than 100 of some 8,000, is openly allied with the NAACP, in contrast to the 1,500-member segregationist, Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties. Admittedly fear of white reprisal as much as lack of sympathy may account for the reluctance of the Negro majority to go on the firing line.

Many Southerners argue that the federal appeals court, in overthrowing Judge Hutcheson's long delay, flagrantly departed from the Supreme Court's admonition that desegregation occur "with all deliberate speed," at a pace to be set by lower courts most intimately acquainted with "local conditions." It is difficult to support this view, for Prince Edward County plainly did not intend to accept integration, ever. Indeed, after eight years of litigation and apprehension, Prince Edward greeted the showdown with something akin to relief. At last the issue was joined.

Here, then, is the contest long awaited by the rural South. If private schools are successful in Prince Edward County, then Clarendon County, South Carolina, and Sunflower County, Mississippi, will face the future with new confidence. If, however, the Prince Edward Educational Foundation falls in the court (and it is by no means legally invulnerable), then new chaos will descend on the South.

Bitter Harvest

Winning and losing, succeeding and failing are almost meaningless in this conflict, however, for white and Negro alike are penalized. The white children, though accustomed to less splendid facilities than their city cousins, may lack much of the equipment necessary to learn biology, chemistry and physics, not to mention shop and physical education. More tragically, the Negro children are being set back almost a century, to the days when a black man in Virginia had no hope of education. Unless the white "massive resisters" unexpectedly flop or go under in the courts, the Negroes have seen the last of their schools.

What is happening in Prince Edward County today is the bitter harvest of an attempt to reconcile law and reality. The Supreme Court now forbids segregation, yet custom forbids integration. Certainly, no amount of patient persuasion will change the minds of Prince Edward's white citizens. (In the July Democratic primary, shortly before this momentous step was taken, the burning political issue in the county was the ancient squabble between devil-may-care fox hunters and crop-protecting farmers; the schools weren't even mentioned.) Unanimously, with quiet desperation, the white citizens of Prince Edward have taken their stand; no matter what the cost, they will not see their world fly apart. And where they stand, thousands of like-minded Southerners are forming, in hamlets, villages and sleepy towns where the myths, customs and fears of simple men and women lie beyond the reach of the Supreme Court.

THE IVORY TOWER

JOHN LEONARD

Epitaph for the Beat Generation

Well, it's all over. Jack Kerouac has gone back to his mother on Long Island. Allen Ginsberg returned to the Village. Gregory Corso was last seen on the Champs Elysées, bound for the Left Bank. And even that unreluctant radical old dragon of Beat Generation public relations, Kenneth Rexroth, has headed for the warmer waters of the Mediterranean, weary of the bombast.

There was a time, of course, one summer (before the literary critics, in their pursuit of prodigies, discovered San Francisco) when we used to sit up all night in a furnished room on Heavenly Lane, playing chess on an orange crate and guzzling tequila from an old canteen; smearing ourselves with *self* and doing greasy battle over Baudelaire; spending our tortured souls in little midnight coins to buy the body or esteem of world-weary Mardous swathed in dirty serapes. When Sad Sam stood up on a table in Otto's Grotto and blew God from a tiny gold trumpet, and we all read Robinson Jeffers and wrote novels and listened to the wild sad horns of the Pacific.

Then: they published *On the Road,* and *Howl* was banned by the San Francisco police department, and *Harper's* and the *Atlantic,* creaking their dusty kaleidoscopes across the Continent, trained them on North Beach. That was the ball game. Suddenly Ivy League colleges started inviting Ginsberg to read poetry to them, and slick magazines were printing Rexroth again, and Jack Kerouac came down from the mountains strangled by a crucifix, all over the front page of the *New York Times* ("The *New York Times* is as Beat as I am," said Kerouac. "Thank God for the *New York Times!*"). Conspicuous consumptives from Boston University's School of Fine Arts read bad poetry to worse jazz downstairs at The Rock, in Lou's Pebble Room; and MacDougall Alley louts in black turtleneck sweaters and white tennis sneakers went running up Sixth Avenue shouting "Buddhism Zens Me!"

Joyfully self-conscious America suddenly discovered its bohemian subculture—in coffee-houses and cold water flats, congealed in city-slum coagulums reading Ionesco and pretending to be Rimbaud. Maybe America felt guilty about the middle class, about its apartment houses and its antiseptic sex-life, about social security and the Book-of-the-Month Club. Maybe America was just bored with its suburbs. But whatever it was, America paid more than just attention to its pampered spawn. The Beats made more money than John the Ossified Man.

Colleges threw seminars to discuss them, newspapers sent reporters to interview them, big magazines did photo-features on them and little magazines published their poetry. America's intellectuals gave up cultural Scrabble and hauled out all the old bogeymen about the Hero-Bum and the Fragmentation of the Modern World and The Failure of Communication and Aspects of the Anti-Social Revolution. Everything from homosexuality to heroin was back in style again.

The Beat Generation was scrutinized to death. America clobbered it into submission with a kleig light. Its writers stopped writing, or tried to pass off narcissistic adolescent novels the publishers had rejected the first time around, *e.g.,* Kerouac's *Doctor Sax* and *Maggie Cassidy.* The perennial college sophomores unbuttoned their button-down collars, strapped on their sandals, and went running down the beach screaming "Moloch!" San Francisco looked more like the Dartmouth Winter Carnival than the American Left Bank.

What did it all prove? Well, every sibling sociologist with a sampler kit could tell you one thing: it was a panicked flight from reality. It was the same thing as Marlon Brando on a motorcycle or Jimmy Dean in a sports car or Norman Mailer in the *Partisan Review.* It was sensation-seeking and anarchic. It was apolitical—the sort of Greta Garbo ideology of "I want to be alone." The world owed us all a living, free wine, easy sex, and folding money. Responsibility had too many syllables and love was a dirty word. But was that all?

Can't Stand Espresso

It proved at least one thing more. That poetry, painting, music and fiction are products of the *individual.* That the great American novel will be written by some anti-social s.o.b. who can't stand espresso and never heard of Wilhelm Reich—the guy who sits up all night at a typewriter and brings to his peculiar vision the discipline of form and the love of an educated heart. A generation may be disenchanted, but it takes a man alone to chronicle that disenchantment. Art-by-citadel won't work. It's in league with brainstorming and Groupthink and government-by-committee. Movements, Generations, Subcultures—these are the strewn carcasses of sterile imaginations, conjured up to explain lamely the *why* and *how* of genius. Nobody sees Saul Bellow at Rienzi's or James Gould Cozzens at the Co-Existence Bagel Shop. Robert Frosts don't run in rat-packs. Art is individual, the child of solitary individuals who wed their loneliness to their hope. It is sacrilege to call it by the same name as the sour song of displaced doughboys who stand on street corners strumming banjos, shouting at authority, and passing the tin-cup.

You see, we were having fun on North Beach before all this happened. Nobody took himself very seriously. It was a stage in the painful growth to a painful manhood. And the poetry-readings and the beer-drinking and the Baudelaire were all part of our slow trudge into maturity, into a world where men must accept the responsibility for their acts, where, eventually, perhaps, men come to that lonely room and face that typewriter and write that novel. But it couldn't be that way. Nothing is ever slow in America. And that stench you smell from certain quarters is only the burnt wax from wings which ventured too near the sun. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—as I always say when I'm sad.

Principles and Heresies

Nero in Our Camp

GARRY WILLS

President Eisenhower has given us his directive for the coming visit of our mortal enemy; he has given it like a general giving a staff order. But this is a general who has also told us that war is unthinkable; not reflecting, I suppose, on his own career or qualifications. For if war is unthinkable, so is Dwight Eisenhower, Chief of Staff in the world's most extensive and destructive war.

There is more here than irony. Eisenhower was merely voicing what has been growing as a suspicion, a fear, an assumption, when he said we cannot consider the subject of war. The whole of our modern world is, to a great extent, a result of the refusal to think of war. Arms races and security measures are not a way of thinking about war; they are, in their present form, a hypnotic reaction, subconsciously compelled in all men who will not consciously entertain thought about serious things. Jung says with good reason that even the miraculous energy and insight of modern science arise from this subconscious fear and fascination, this unwilling faith in a mechanical destructiveness. We may or may not have another war in the immediate future; but if we will not think of it, we shall infallibly suffer it. Sin always thrives on neglect.

It is time to ask why our leader—the product of our military academy, the head of our armed forces—remarks, as one tossing off a truism, that war is unthinkable. Great men have certainly pondered the subject. Plato and Aristotle did not think war unthinkable. In fact, we are the only civilization in history which has made this fantastic and meaningless assertion. Why?

We will be told at once that war is unthinkable because it is too big now. The atom bomb ended forever human battle-to-the-death. This has been repeated so often that its absurdity is no longer obvious on the face of it. Whenever man has found an ideal worthy of an absolute defense, and an enemy against whom it must be defended in the final arena of death, he has taken a gun and entered the arena. Now we are told simply that the gun is too large; and we must stop fighting. The first and truly shattering questions of philosophy and morality—the truths at stake, the human energies loosed against these truths—are ignored because of this one major but material objection; as if war had not always posed the same terrible problem. Those who shaped our country—and then defied a vast empire to claim authorship over what had been shapeless—knew that if *they* lost, their women and children would lose, also; and suffer; and die. These human realities were always weighed on the scales; and those who make the question a new and totally different one merely because of a quantitative increase in destruction are ignorant of the moral history of mankind. They say that murder is all right, but murders are not; that a numerical line is somewhere crossed which makes obsolete the moral values for which man has always risked whatever good things he owned. One fact has always stared us in the face, since the moment Achilles, given the free choice of honorable war or servile life, put on his armor: if we will not fight under any circumstances, we shall not be men.

The Cult of Strength

At this point the unreasoning but arresting cry will grow stronger, telling us to think of the horrors spread throughout the modern world by war. Has there ever been any diabolism like the murder of the Jews by Hitler? No; I doubt that there has. But that did not come upon us because of militarism. The cult of strength is not militarism in the justifiable and moral sense which men have given that term from the time of Homer. The worshipper of strength does not want a war, but a slaughter-blitzkrieg. Hitler throve for the same reason that Stalin throve and that Khrushchev thrives—because he held out the threat of something considered unthinkable in the ancient terms of honor and resistance and risk. Hitler throve and Khrushchev thrives because faced by cowards.

The truth is out, and we must not mince it. All courage derives from a first sense of cowardice. We *are* cowards. We have an excuse, as all cowards do. Jack knew that the giant was large; we have seen that war is hell. But we have not gone from fear to courage.

The next objection—though many subsidiary ones will replace the first quantitative one at this stage—will probably be that Khrushchev *is* opposed, that the world is a tense camp, one half of it armed to the teeth against him. But we know this is not true. It is an armory—there are weapons everywhere. But there are no soldiers. Ships and guns were massed against Hitler as they were massed for him—and for the same reason that he massed them. Both sides thought that mere size and resistless strength would make war unthinkable. The world is at a crazy turn in which we have persuaded ourselves that bombs are only for peace; that we must elect pacific leaders, put rockets under their coats instead of umbrellas under their arms, and send them to an endless series of afternoon teas in drawing rooms which have bombs instead of olive branches for decorations and signs of amity.

We have made war a matter of systems, pushbuttons, and a vast machinery. It is true that war is unthinkable if by war we mean the complicated instruments which would split our own brains as well as spill the enemy's, if we tried to understand them. But war is still a human and moral issue. *Men* fight, no matter what kind of guns—simple or complicated—they use. And our cowardice makes us dodge this unpleasant fact on every occasion. This has been true for some time. The modern cult of the unknown soldier is a sign of it. War is nasty and anonymous, we are told. There were plenty of known heroes in the last two wars; it took as much courage for them to stand as for Hector to leave the gates

of Troy on that last day. But we must hide this personal courage; for it is a challenge. The unknown soldier, the remote war, the unthinkable instruments—these are the proper game for cowards.

Here the modern cant will collapse into the name-calling stage; and everyone knows what will be the first epithet flung up by the sputtering coward inside all of us. *War-monger!* The coward is also a liar. He knows that Hector of all men hates war; that giants breed and smash human beings only when Jacks cease to fight against the odds and before the gates. Mass war has marked the modern age not because it has been a military age; but because it has not been. Hitler grew like a mushroom, Russia has grown like an evil fungus, because of this pale atmosphere of cowardice everywhere. Fear does not prevent war; it merely fosters bullies. The same age which calls war unthinkable feels in its bones that it is inevitable. No other period has been so helpless. Because men make of battle a taboo subject, it becomes an unknown pressure and mechanical process. Men do not really think they are avoiding war; they are simply not going to fight it. They are already destroyed by fear.

This is true not only in the political arena, but in art and literature and religion. The morbidity of the modern soul reflects a paralysis in the face of evil. Man feels he cannot strike out and land a blow; that is unthinkable. We must all live with fear and threats, nurture our nausea, brood over our absurdity. This is called many things now—existentialism, maturity, realism; but it has an older name in all of us. This, too, is cowardice.

I do not *mong* (or monger, or whatever it might be) war; but I do think about it. This is the final refutation of that first maxim. And it is the first step toward *avoiding* war, not toward precipitating it. The man who knows he must fight for certain things knows that he need not fight because of some drift or unknown pressure. He can see the choices to be made for avoiding war, if that is possible. He can make rational provision for war in case this is not possible. But our whole military system is based on the refusal to make such rational provision.

On all three levels—in our attitude to our allies, to ourselves, to our enemy—we act stupidly because we act from fear.

To our allies: Our dealings with our allies reflect the frivolous attitude that war is impossible. We have not seen the awful stakes resting on the friendship of warriors. Those who say war is unthinkable tell us, naturally, that allies are superfluous. Allies remind us of the forbidden subject. We are told to avoid committing ourselves, and not to exact the commitments of honorable men from those who would stand with us. They tell us to buy time-servers and amass an inhuman and quantitative strength. They tell us, in fact, to buy *time*. There is to be no memory of dealings with men and with reality.

But human beings are not bought; and the man of no loyalties is given no loyalty.

The Stuff of Epic

This cowardly attitude has its own orthodoxy and proscribed heresies. Only such terrified sway over the mind can explain the complete inability to see in Chiang Kai-shek's little garrison a desperate romance of courage. Even those who refuse to support him, even those who do not like him or agree with him, should recognize the stature of courage when they see it. This brave little band, living on the very skirts of the giant and refusing to submit, is the stuff of epic. But the modern world is forbidden by its "higher ethic" to admit such virtues, all of which belong to the vivid world where war is terrible but thinkable. Men cannot dull their perceptiveness in this manner without doing themselves injury. Because of this blindness, even the cry of Hungary went unanswered; and we are all a little less for that.

To ourselves: Our internal attitude to the military also reflects the counsels of fear. The draft, the automatic and ever-changing apparatus, these are all meant to tell us that war is impersonal and mechanical; that we must share this completely unrewarding burden equally since it has no particular merit or human qualifications. This is, of course, a complete inversion of man's ancient view of the soldier. Respect and honor once went with the status and the risk. The army was a settled profession in which men were formed; now it is a cloacal drainpipe through which men flow. Sociologists throw up their hands before it as before the slums, saying nothing can be done in such unthinkable surroundings. Thus do we discourage human valor. Men are not given the status and rewards which would make of them permanent guardians of the state. Even West Point produces soldiers who refuse to think of soldiering. The cowards would have not only our allies but our own army be time-servers.

To our enemy: We wrong our allies and ourselves by cowardice; but we serve our enemy. Khrushchev comes to us smiling; and Shakespeare told us long ago that there is no man so vile as he who can "smile and smile and be a villain." If men are men, and war is war, then Khrushchev is our enemy. He cannot even claim the honor of an opposing soldier and clean foe. We do not entertain Saladin in our camp. We admit Nero, not under the truce of soldiers, but under the servile pressure of fear. The unthinking pundits—to whom war and most other real things *are* unthinkable—say that he will be impressed, or convinced, or what not: he will get to know us by seeing our machines. Unfortunately, he may. If he gets to know us in our present mood, he will know he can strike us down like the cowards we are.

But I believe our present mood is only a mood. Because it is cowardice and not a matter of theory or principle, it has no stability; because it is new and unnatural, men chafe under it. It will be hard for some healthy men to restrain themselves from striking that smile off Khrushchev's face. The only advantage of the visit may be this: not that Khrushchev comes to know us, but that we see him, suddenly, as he is. He is as clear an embodiment as will be given to men of arrogance and error and cold brutality. He has told us he will bury us; he has already buried thousands of his own countrymen; his creed is one which professes to have buried God. He is the evil giant; one who can call up in us even deeper and more dynamic things than fear.

The Myth of the Cave

ROBERT Y. DRAKE JR.

The Cave (Random House, $4.95), which is Robert Penn Warren's first novel in four years, has for an epigraph a quotation from the seventh book of Plato's *Republic*: "'You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.' 'Like ourselves,' I replied: 'and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?' 'True,' he said; 'how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?'" And it would appear that the "form" of Mr. Warren's novel is built around a modern reinterpretation of Plato's myth of the cave. For Mr. Warren, the predicament of the prisoners in the cave would seem to dramatize the perpetual human predicament: we are all such prisoners, enslaved by one delusion or another, seeking to discern in the shadows on the cave wall the realities which are our selves and the selves of others.

Mr. Warren is pursuing a theme which he began long ago and has continued to develop, with great effectiveness, in both fiction and poetry. This theme may perhaps best be put in the form of a question: how can the individual *define* (and sometimes even *find*) his real self in the face of the various forces which would seek to *confine* or even *destroy* that self? Sometimes these depersonalizing forces are the more "individual" ones —pride, lust, remorse for past sins. Sometimes they are more "social," and society itself (especially the modern society which hankers to "plan for" and ultimately "use" the individual) seems the villain. But usually it is a combination of several of these which the individual must combat in order to find and be his true self.

But *The Cave*, as a title, has also a very literal significance for this novel; for it is concerned with the impact made on a community and its inhabitants by the plight of young Jasper Harrick, who is trapped in a nearby cave. The community is Johntown in the hills of East Tennessee, and the time is the present.

It is perhaps significant that, after exploring so expertly in the historical novel and poem the uses and the meaning of the past, Mr. Warren, for the first time since *All the King's Men*, has returned to the contemporary scene. For Johntown is the proverbial "backward" hillbilly community, some of whose inhabitants still play the guitar, devise their own ballads, make their own liquor, shoot first and ask questions later, but, incidentally, still believe that God is not mocked. These communities, still partially oriented toward "traditional" concepts of man and God, are today more than ever subjected to attack by such depersonalizing forces as Big Business, Mass Media and Statism. And for this reason the three-ring circus which is set in motion when the "national" press, "network" television, and nationally known sob sisters (male) pour in to "cover" the attempt to rescue Jasper has a timely and sinister pertinence.

But the hostile forces do not all come from outside Johntown: they exist within the minds and hearts of its own citizens also. There is Jack Harrick, the father of Jasper, a reformed hell-raiser now dying of cancer but afraid of death because he has been unable to accept the facts of his life as a proud sinner. There is MacCarland Sumpter, the Baptist preacher, who has never really forgiven his friend Jack an old grudge and who, out of paternal devotion, lies to save his son Isaac from exposure as the perpetrator of a cruel hoax. And there is Isaac, the Ad Man in embryo, who is afraid to go all the way into the cave to find Jasper and who concocts the story of Jasper's being trapped in order to avoid the stigma of cowardice and then to exploit the commercial possibilities of the "sensation" to the full. (It is MacCarland Sumpter who finally crawls all the way in and finds Jasper's body and concludes that he might have lived had Isaac's hoax not prevented food and assistance from being brought to him in time.)

IN THE END, all these characters whose lives are caught up and focused in the action at the cave achieve some measure of personal definition—or else fail catastrophically in the attempt. Old Jack Harrick, in accepting, finally, the facts of his life (and some of them have been very black indeed), is ready to join Jasper underground—Jasper who himself said he liked exploring caves because there he was alone. MacCarland Sumpter comes to some realization of a Truth and a God Who are complex enough to comprehend a man's lying for love.

But Isaac Sumpter? In a dip into the future Mr. Warren reveals that Isaac, in whom we see a terrifying example of incipient American "success" incarnate, will, on the strength of his "start" gained at the cave, become another power on Madison Avenue. . .

> Where he was sometimes asked to tell the story of Jasper Harrick, and would do so, briefly, modestly, and obligingly, but where at all other times he tried not to think of Jasper Harrick, and not to dream of a dark weight of stone, and usually managed, for success and Seconal were readily available to him, the most famous product of Scotland was still in long supply for the export trade, and the caravan of Eastern beauties, to the faint servile clink of small gold chains, came footing slowly toward him, with humble yearning in their

eyes, over the golden sands of the desert waste:

Where he, Isaac Sumpter, Ikey, Little Ikey, who wanted to be good, and had paid the price, could at last be totally himself.

Isaac has "found" himself. And verily he has his reward.

As a "myth" for moderns, who live in a world which contrives more and more to control and direct the individual, *The Cave* dramatizes the struggle for selfhood which each individual must continually make. And the struggle involves, for most of these characters, a dark journey of suffering and sorrow, like Jasper Harrick's own descent into the cave, before they find the peace of self-possession. But those who, like Isaac Sumpter, are unwilling to make the dark journey and are instead determined to be the selves which they *want* rather than the selves which they *are,* are denied such self-possession and are instead condemned to the perpetual frustration which must result from trying to impose one's own pattern on reality. And that, in some measure, is Hell.

THERE ARE times in *The Cave* when one feels that it is all a little too easy for Mr. Warren: he makes the intricate design of his novel fit together a little too neatly. There seems perhaps an excess of structure and not enough meat on the bones of his narrative; and some of the characters whom one finds most appealing (Jack Harrick, Brother Sumpter) seem inadequately developed—certainly so when one recalls such titanic creations as Percy Munn *(Night Rider),* Willie Stark *(All the King's Men),* or even Amantha Starr *(Band of Angels).* Indeed, the book never really seems to catch fire until the very last pages. And at the risk of seeming precious if not downright captious, one might raise the question of whether Mr. Warren handles the hillbilly vernacular with literary propriety. At times it is exceedingly artificial and "quaint"; at others, it is very much of the earth earthy. Here, at the further risk of seeming prudish, one might enter a mild objection to Mr. Warren's continual employment of sexual allusions and sexual imagery in contexts where they are not functional. It is perhaps significant that such allusions are often dragged in rather forcibly in a non-restrictive adjectival clause. When Mr. Warren thus yokes his diverse images a little too violently together, the result is not so much offensive as just plain tedious.

These strictures are worth making only because of Mr. Warren's position as a major American novelist; in a lesser writer they would pass not unnoticed but more readily indulged. Here they combine to deny to *The Cave* the force and authority of his best work. But the myth of the cave is still as pertinent as ever; one wishes only that this modern reinterpretation had more of Mr. Warren's accustomed power and fire.

Space Conquers Man

MICHAEL M. MOONEY

THE NATIVES are restless: materialism has reached its apogee.

The first signs were in art. Fleshy picnickers sporting in sylvan glades, the beauty of run-down store fronts dappled by afternoon sun, and the glazed translucent skin of demimondes by Renoir, Matisse, Van Gogh, Gauguin and Company have gone. They have been overthrown for magic-realism, surrealism, geometrics, and dripping clocks. Popular fiction is another example. The suspicion, suspense, socking and shooting of Agatha Christie and Zane Grey have been supplanted by gruesome, black, hairy spiders and awe-inspiring, super-intelligent globs. The new popular story-line always treats a major problem: they are the last two people on earth; she's white and he's black—will they "discover" each other in time?

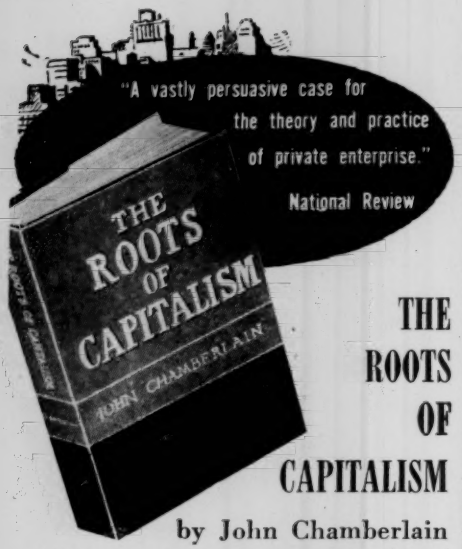
Our *avant garde,* instead of marching for women's rights, free-love, prohibition, birth control, a five-cent cigar and socialism, has discovered a system for living in another world right in the midst of Greenwich Village. It has traded away a taste for frosty beer, the *Partisan Review,* and the Townsend Plan of this world for a "fix" and an escape to another world through dope. Leading the new set, Jack Kerouac goes on the road for a pornographic Pilgrim's Progress: the sick comics tell sick stories about our sick ethical behavior—and we laugh; and we all believe or suspect the existence of flying saucers.

Dr. C. G. Jung in *Flying Saucers, A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky* (Harcourt, $3.95) gives us a psychiatric report on the saucer syndrome of the disease that is making the natives restless. He concerns himself with the psychic aspects of *Ufos* (Unidentified Flying Objects), and asks: If saucers are fantasy, why do such fantasies exist? Why should it be more desirable for saucers to exist than not? We learn from Dr. Jung that *Ufos* have appeared worldwide since World War II; they have appeared visually, on radar screens, in

dreams, in paintings, and in literature. In fact, Dr. Jung shows us that *Ufos* appeared in history: he shows us broadsheets from the sixteenth century.

Ufos, he says, are a visionary image of a new unconscious archetypal myth; they are, therefore, symbols of man's unconscious synthesis of this-worldly conflicts—male and female, fire and water, sin and good, unity and disorder, enigmatic higher world and ordinary human world. Saucers are symbolical rumors. They appear in phallic form, as a modern holy ghost, as a saviour-figure. They are real and may be a weightless machine from another world or a materialized psychism or a real material phenomena of unknown nature.

Through Dr. Jung's dream interpretations we see *Ufos* appear to a lady on a bus as God's eye, to the same lady on the streets of Paris as holy fire, to a woman in a garden as a spider lecturing the UN, and to a sweet young starlet as *two* salacious producers! The point of all these ap-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pearances—from radar screen to summer afternoon garden dream—is that our civilization is looking for a new myth. The myth provides an all-knowing light of truth from God's eye that stands above our conflicts in this world, presages the apocalypse, provides relief from our fear of our progress—through our own scientific and materialistic efforts.

The saucer myth is real and necessary for us. And although some of our dreams may be the result of excess stomach acidity, we begin once again to recognize the infinite possibilities inherent in the universe. Some beatniks take dope to escape to another world. Some adopt Zen. Some search the heavens for a light in the east that guides even wise men.

Character in Search of an Author

MAUREEN B. O'REILLY

In Search of the American Tradition (University Publishers, $5.00), the first of three volumes to be compiled from the notes and letters of Elinor Castle Nef, should not have been released for general publication. Had Mrs. Nef been a famous woman as well as the highly respected wife of Professor John U. Nef, historian and chairman of the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought, the book might have been worth reading for the insights it gives into her character. As it stands, it records in execrable English the random observations of a woman who thought earnestly, but never originally.

I suspect that Mrs. Nef, who labored over her book the fifteen years before her death but could never bring herself to have it published, would be appalled at its condition. Certainly the editors should be ashamed. They unblushingly passed the most hackneyed of phrases. ("I am an ignorant woman and not a philosopher but . . ."), failed to make obvious corrections ("I am afraid the Common Reader finds history more difficult and interesting than easy and amusing"), to blue-pencil the sloppiness which creeps so easily into private correspondence, ("There are many writers . . . who seldom make astute judgments worth making . . ."). But the editors were unperturbed either by such awkwardness or by the repetitiousness of the material and the rambling confusion with which it is presented.

The negligence of Mrs. Nef's editors goes a long way toward obscuring those of her observations which are sound and astute, if not hers alone. Without naming systems, she recognized the effects of progressive education and rebelled against them. She believed in a classical, humanist education—one which she herself had missed—for she noted that those who are unfamiliar with excellence in literature, or art, or norms of behavior, are susceptible to mediocrity. She charged that contemporary "biographers make their hero's life as comfortably like ours as possible and deprive us of enriching experience." Because we Americans are a restless people traveling over a continent which itself is constantly changing, Mrs. Nef felt that if we would not lose touch with our tradition, would not lose social cohesion, we must take especial care to read and understand our own classics. "Americans," she wrote sadly, "have made little of their tradition, have not loved their country enough."

Elinor Nef's was a healthy mind, totally uninfected by sophisticated doubts as to the reality of reality. Though the concept of absolute truth should have made her as a familiar of the intellectual society of the thirties, unbearably fidgety, she loathed pragmatism and the easy skepticism which it prompts. "Most of our teachers and contemporaries," she wrote, "are afraid of reason, afraid of truth, which if they believe it exists at all, they believe must be a most comfortable thing." She feared that the trend away from truth would not be reversed for she saw "stupidity, laziness, impatience, gullibility, inability to think" to be the "intellectual crisis" of our time.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Nef did not escape the crisis she diagnosed. Her thinking is pitifully undisciplined. Seeking to illustrate the relative materialism of the American and the Mexican woman, she has the American buy a pink corset, the Mexican "symbolic art objects," among them a

virgin, as if an American Catholic would not buy a madonna, or a Mexican woman of the leisure class a corset.

Nor is she more discriminating than her contemporaries in the exact use of political words. Words with good connotations are inextricably linked with her heroes. Wondering at the duplicity of man, she reported that "many of the people who have criticized Hutchins [Robert] in Mr. M.'s [a friend's] hearing have pretended to be in sympathy with democracy . . . And Mr. M. has been misled, has innocently—or is it comfortably—believed in their sincerity." When a favored newspaper turned against Roosevelt she attributed the switch to its having tolerated an anti-Roosevelt columnist who gained influence over his colleagues. She asks rhetorically, "Is that the natural result of freedom of speech, I wonder? That the views inimical to freedom should prevail and conquer freedom?"

Mrs. Nef neither thinks nor writes well enough to command general readership. One learns from the book only that she must have been a woman of exceptional character and spirituality. The editors should turn her material over to a competent biographer so that he may do Elinor Castle Nef better justice than have they.

What Manner of Man?

CAROL DAWSON

IN *Human Nature and the Human Condition* (Random House, $3.95) Joseph Wood Krutch characterizes mid-twentieth-century man as a victim of the very technological "advances" which were to have freed him of all his problems. Comparing our present condition with that demanded by our human nature, Dr. Krutch raises questions of man's fundamental purpose, his capacities to know, and, most difficult of all, his final end.

In the seventeenth century, man abandoned traditional moral and philosophical theories as "meaningless" because they did not contribute directly to his "common welfare." Scientific progress became paramount, until today man is reduced to a mere "tender of machines." In a civilization based on material comforts, where status is judged by the number of bathrooms or modern kitchen appliances one can afford, "progress" is the end of man—progress undefined by relation to any ultimate goal. Mammoth production of goods necessitates increasing consumption, until modern advertising and communication are largely devoted to creating "needs" where there are none, and selling products not for their usefulness but because of their value as symbols of "status."

It is this concept of the "standard of living" that needs re-evaluation if man is to regain his status as *homo sapiens* rather than *homo faber*. The criterion for the "good life" is not now determined by the metaphysical nature of man, but by his current economic and social condition, *i.e.*, his ability to produce more and more and consume more and more, to waste in order to be prosperous.

The effect of technological progress is seen in the emergence of the "average man." Poll-takers have determined the "average" amount of time spent by the "average" man watching television; educators tailor courses of instruction to the interests of the "average" student; industry canvases housewives to determine the packaging which is most attractive to the "average." The result is a leveling of all components of society. No attempt is made to assess the present condition of man as anything other than the most desirable condition. It is the established end of education, government and the combined social sciences, to persuade man to accept his condition and adjust to it—which means completely submerging himself in a system of living which is considered the "average" for our time.

Virtues, once the means to sanctification, are now merely convenient and accepted modes of behavior. If the human condition—as exemplified by the modern dependence upon machines and disregard for absolute moral values—continues in its present trend, the life of man will become more and more devoid of value judgments, because they are not necessary for the physical welfare of mankind. Not until man refuses to accept his status as determined by machines will he regain his true human nature.

WHAT Dr. Krutch, who has written on English drama, esthetics, natural history, and literary biography, is now contributing to the field of philosophy, is the proposition that the human condition today is not in accord with human nature. Human nature as a fundamental concept seems to demand something more than a prosperous economy, life-adjustment education and "permissive" democracy. In support of his argument, Dr. Krutch offers two conclusions based on common experience: 1) notwithstanding the insistence of sociologists that *mores* are mere prejudices of society, man continues to make value judgments according to what seems to him right and wrong and good and evil, and 2) man is not by nature a pure materialist or utilitarian—as shown by his dogged devotion to such values as love, courage, personal pride, and even patriotism. These two observations would indicate that "the present condition of man is one to which he cannot adjust without violating his human nature." Hence the large numbers of patients in our mental institutions and the increase in suicides in completely socialized countries such as Sweden.

One may well raise the question, seldom asked, of the value of the welfare-state concept. "In what does the total welfare of a human population consist?" If it is something more than merely physical comfort, security and a booming economy, how then does the welfare state fulfill man's most basic needs—those of the spirit? If it does not, then it is not a welfare state at all, but only a system of sustaining in existence a mass of people who do nothing but vegetate.

In defining humanism, Dr. Krutch prefers to rely upon the heritage of

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ancient literature. He asserts that the art of letters has always been "on the side" of humanism. It consists, not as science does in finding new ways of doing things, but in asking "why" and "whether" a thing ought to be done.

A true humanist, Dr. Krutch has not said anything startlingly profound in *Human Nature and the Human Condition*, but he has set down in simple terms his analysis of the condition of mankind in this century and made his plea for a return to the traditional values of justice, morality and love of wisdom. Like many of the ancients, he is cogent and convincing; but, like them, he may be a voice in the wilderness.

The Passing Scene

Howling in the Wilderness

J. P. McFADDEN

THE "Beats" neither comprise nor even represent their generation: they are but a handful who think society sick and, without seriously asking *why*, have withdrawn from it; yet the "Beats" have made off with the headlines. We make much of them, discuss them seriously, find excuses for them, and take pains to interpret, usually with sympathy, whatever it is they are trying to say from the depths of their incoherence. But what do they say for themselves?

I decided to find out. The problem, of course, was to find a live Beat. I picked a good (*i.e.*, bad) Greenwich Village coffee house, ordered cappuccino, assumed the "squarest" possible expression, and said (to one of the young men in black sweaters who replace waiters): "I want to do an article on Beats. Where can I find a *real* one?"

The result was remarkable. Beats? No, he didn't know any. No real ones. Well, yes he did . . . but not here: "Most of them are gone, you know? I mean they're here, and then they go away."

I stirred the cinnamon into my espresso, to show I was square as a cornerstone. Did I really want to see a Beat? A friend of his had just passed. A Beat! Maybe he could catch him—he'd try—and off he went.

Some fifteen minutes later he came back, much winded: "You can see him. He's giving a poetry reading right now." He gave me the address of a café, plus an earnest warning: "The impression you might get is that he's rude. He's not, he's just like that. He's just trying to be Beat. Maybe he is . . . I think he *is*." Then, somewhat beatifically, he added. "Yeah. This is perfect. I think heaven sent it."

I had no trouble finding the Beat. Stocky, thick-haired, in his late twenties, he was sitting on a low platform in front of the espresso-maker, reading loud and fast:

America my mother your benches are filled with old women, they are lost they are broken they are twisted by a mad world

He read it all together, in a remarkable voice that seemed to go

ever higher, without actually doing so:

We have hope we are not waiting for the gods to come, years spent caged up in cells longing for mother, I wanted to escape into pools of love

It was a frenzied litany; and he accompanied himself by finger-snapping and rocking motions. The non-square listeners (there were some tourists) swayed in appreciation, as if it were music—and in a way, it was:

Jazz is the bloodstream of life, the key in the door that would not open

A tin cup was passed, to "support the poets," and was passed a second time, for new customers, before my Beat was replaced, and came unbidden to my table (the earnest waiter had not failed me). The replacement poet, a homosexual, was both too loud and too foul to permit conversation, so we adjourned to a less Beat espresso house near a curio shop called "The Den of Antiquity."

The next two hours were spent in a rambling interview. Was he Beat? Oh yes. How did he get that way? It "took a search." Where had he started? Well . . . he was born in the Bronx, had traveled "you know, around," spent a year in Israel, was in Europe, Japan . . . around. Where was he going? "Progress is *inside;* it's being alive." Why did people become Beat? "People are culturally starved. Tney search to find themselves." At first sullen, now he leaned toward me, deadly serious. "It's a very frantic search! Conformity is choking individuality. Being Beat is a soul-like quality of an individual who has not given in to a sick society."

A soul-like quality? "Frank, honest, open, quiet; it's really a search for God." Really? "Sure, man, God is among the people. Not in a religious sense. He can be a beautiful person." He hesitated: "Not *facial* beauty. What's left."

Was the foul, homosexual poet Beat? "No, man. He's beautiful, but he hasn't found himself. Beat is *beatific*," he concluded, making it all clear.

He had mentioned cultural starvation. Did he read? "I don't get my knowledge out of books. I learn by moving around. Even the *search* is significant. The ability to be alive is something. People who *live* are always in the minority. I see the sadness in the streets—a white sadness—people can't smile." And emphasizing his booklessness, he said with complete seriousness: "I don't think this has ever happened before."

But there are some books, of course. Ginsburg, Corvo, Kerouac ("He's not Beat: he's a successful novelist.") And then there is *Jazz*: "Jazz is the *bloodstream*—new ideas, new ways . . ."

What did he most want? "I want to be a writer. I have a novel almost finished. I want to be published." And make money? "I want," he said indignantly, "to still be myself!"

And so it went, on and on, his eagerness to talk seemingly undiminished, until he had to leave for another poetry reading. I watched him pick his way out, and wondered what was to be learned from this flood of words. Is this the *avant garde* of my generation? Then we are not likely to go anywhere, or to know it if we do. But if we should not follow, should we listen—we, who could not hear

the dripping blood of Hungary? Might these be prophets: strange voices, warning of they know not what, babbling of a time when generations will indeed wander, searching for an order destroyed and but dimly remembered?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SHOULDER THE SKY, by George Leonard (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.50). Bitter at playing flight instructor during wartime, two young lieutenants, Holly Post and Gordon Latimer, turn Harper Field into a gridiron where combat is life's goal. That neither can get overseas just intensifies their play for Marie, whose shifty emotional plunges actually carry the story. Holly, ex-football star, is in it strictly for the kicks and passes; only Gordon tackles her seriously. But in this game there is no such thing as a fair catch; pictured ironically against efforts to land combat assignments, the scrimmage involving Marie and the lieutenants grows deadlier until one of them fails to walk away from a pile-up. When author Leonard is airborne, his style takes off and he really goes places. Otherwise the book moves unevenly with rapid action and often fumbling dialogue. J. L. WEIL

POKER FOR FUN AND PROFIT, by Irwin Steig (McDowell, Obolensky, $2.95). To the pair you have (which should be Yardley's *The Education of a Poker Player* and *Oswald Jacoby on Poker)* this new book is a winning draw. The aces you already hold are valuable for their treatment of the probabilities of card distribution, and, to a more limited extent, for their appraisal of player behavior. This third bullet, amusingly illustrated by cartoonist William Steig, analyzes table behavior and motives. The dealer illustrates player predictability by delving into the private lives and patterned poker responses of "Math," "Gambler," "Wad," "Mouse," "Dreamer," "Bully," "Ham," "Pro" and others. If some of those faces show in your own mirror, this book can save you sucker bets. And if you recognize those faces on the other side of your table, you may start raking in the roodles. R. L. MAC BRIDE

NATIONAL STRATEGY IN AN AGE OF REVOLUTION, Edited by George B. de Huszar (Praeger, $6.00). Cold war or hot, the Soviet challenge is, and will remain, total. However disturbing an over-all, objective answer might be, this book describes some hopeful efforts that *are* being made toward facing up to the present world situation. It is an informative summary of the latest in the series of National Military-Industrial conferences, which have been devoted to the search for a coherent national strategy. The participants are most distinguished (men like Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Dr. Wernher von Braun, Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky); and—given our *official* policies—some of them are amazingly blunt; *e.g.*, they are only less anti-Socialist than anti-Communist! ROSALIE MILLER.

The author of the "Managerial Revolution" considers the weakening of Congressional Powers and its effect

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To the Editor

The Khrushchev Visit

The best observation I can make, after 36 years of interesting living in this great country of ours, on Khrushchev's proposed visit is the fact that we, the American people, DID STOP TITO's proposed visit by a flood of mail and protest to Washington, D. C.

It still can be done NOW.

Thomas Jefferson said: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

St. James, Minn. HANS KRUGER

May I suggest that Congress pass a suitable resolution commemorating, and that suitable banners be displayed along Khrushchev's parade routes proclaiming "National Captor's Week"?

Harwichport, Mass. F. R. ELDRIDGE

Your solicitation for stickers entitled "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here" is in very poor taste, to say the least. He is coming to this country as a guest, invited by the President of our country. If our national standard of politeness sinks to the level your solicitations suggest, we will present a sorry spectacle for a great nation.

I am not for any of the principles that the head of the Russian government stands for, but my every instinct rebels at such a national demonstration of shockingly bad manners. We would present an even worse spectacle to the world than the demonstrations against Vice President Nixon in South America. Some of them did not know any better; we certainly do. . . .

Grafton, Ohio J. B. JOHNSON

Your current campaign against "the Butcher's" impending tour of disgrace is something of which you well may be proud. It was a great relief to learn that his tour will not include the military post where I am stationed, and that we'll be spared the spectacle of seeing our soldiers rendering honors to the creature who would gladly order their execution (and may attempt to). But why should he visit our military installations? All this prattle about showing him our strength—I'd wager he knows more of our security matters than do most people with a top secret clearance.

And there is the equally incredible and foolish assertion that as Christians we should forgive him and welcome him—as a lost sheep, I suppose. I'd concur if he were to publicly renounce Communism and all it stands for, free the Hungarians, Poles, etc., and demonstrate to the world that he repents and intends using his powers for good. . . .

I have thought, How could we aid your campaign, how could we let the world know that all Americans are not in league with the courting of Mephistopheles? Perhaps a modern-day Boston Tea Party, in which we hang a "Not Welcome" sign from the torch of the Statue of Liberty, or a series of radio and TV paid announcements telling people the truth.

Then I remembered that the one thing they will not show him is the heart of America—its basis as a nation founded under God, its Christians and its Jews at prayer. . . . My suggestion is that churches of all faiths hold services daily during his visit, especially in the cities on his itinerary, and that people be persuaded to attend; that church bells be rung on the hour throughout his stay in any city, that members of Congress be asked to propose such a program, and that the proposal be entered in the *Congressional Record*. . . .

North Carolina INFANTRY CAPTAIN

L. Brent Bozell's timely article on Senator Dodd's speech on Khrushchev's visit [August 29] is a true picture of U.S. public feeling. It is shocking that a butcher of humans should be welcome in the "land of the free and the brave."

I am a staunch conservative and have not always agreed with the Connecticut senator's liberal political views, but his speeches on Khrushchev's visit and the Berlin question, and his vote for Lewis Strauss, are commendable. Mr. Dodd has shown himself to be a man who takes his stand on principle rather than expediency. . . .

Charlotte, N.C. J. VAUGHAN HAWKINS

That Invitation

In his feature article in *The Magazine of Wall Street,* August 15, James J. Butler wrote:

". . . . Had Nixon cowered like some of the rest, his mission would have come to naught, filed away among the incidents of Kremlin official life. But the stand he made may have changed the course of international affairs for generations at least, possibly for centuries. The reaction of Khrushchev was immediate; he suggested it might be well for him to visit America and for the President to come to Russia. *(The overture was made by Khrushchev, not Nixon.)*"

Don't you think you should slip the word to Mr. Butler that the President wrote a personal note to Khrushchev the last week in June, inviting him to Washington, and that this note was given to Frol Kozlov in Washington on July 1 and flown to Moscow?

Incidentally, what do the people who hoped to vote for Mr. Nixon do now?

Avon Lake, Ohio MARY A. GARDNER

Question for Mr. Nixon

With regard to Mr. Nixon's statement on our foreign policy aims ("Nixon on Nixon," August 29), I wonder if he could explain how "freedom" will triumph over "tyranny" without the defeat of Communism. Does he realize how much "plenty" and "health" could be purchased to rid us of "want" and "disease" with the 45 *billion* dollars we spend each year to defend our freedom from Communist tyranny?

Philadelphia, Pa. WILLIAM T. MULLIGAN

The Summit

If this writer still were in the press gallery (he was the *Topeka Daily Capital's* Washington correspondent for thirty years, 1926-56), at the next White House Press Conference he would ask President Eisenhower something like this:

"Mr. President, Sir, have you considered issuing a proclamation, before leaving for the next Summit meeting, to this effect:

"'As President of the United States of America, I call upon Chiefs of Police all over the United States to arrange conferences with the heads of the underworld in their respective territories—for the purpose of promoting peaceful coexistence—to consider proposals by which the police will be disarmed in exchange for the promise that denizens of the underworld will not use their weapons in rapings, thefts, burglaries, murders, etc., UNLESS SUCH INTENDED VICTIMS OFFER RESISTANCE.'"

Topeka, Kans. CLIF STRATTON

Fluoridation

There are two subjects which arouse man's primitive inborn instinct of defense: his children and his taxes.

The advocates of fluoridation were very quick to seize upon the first with slogans such as "Save the Children's Teeth." Ignoring the fact that 75 per cent of those who lose their teeth, lose them not owing to tooth decay but the so-called gum diseases (testimony before Congress in 1957 by Dr. Henry Lyons, past president of the American Dental Association, agreed with by Dr. Harold Hillenbrand, Secretary of the ADA at the February Hearings).

Recently I read in the *New York Times* that Dr. Percy T. Phillips, who is now president of the ADA, urged the immediate adoption of water fluoridation on a WNYC broadcast. Dr. Phillips flourished some astro-

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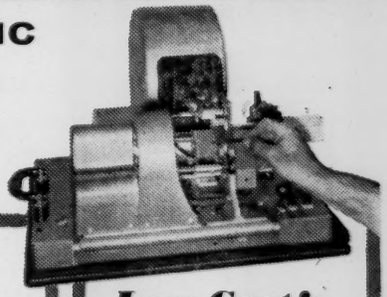

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nomically high statistics on the cost of dental work, but statistics can be very misleading, especially if you omit a few facts. For instance, news releases are being circulated that in Philadelphia there is 65 per cent less tooth decay since fluoridation. What is not being publicized is that dental clinics have been increased from 13 to 31. A carefully set up nutritional control has also been instituted for the children, eliminating soft drinks and candy, and substituting fruit. Every authority on nutrition would agree that this latter fact in itself would insure less tooth decay.

If you are determined to feed your children what many of our foremost authorities declare is a "cumulative poison," the effect of which may only become apparent after years of ingestion, why not give them fluoride tablets at an annual cost of 10 cents per child? Tablet programs are used in Switzerland, Germany and some other European countries. . . . Sweden rejected fluoridation for the second time in November 1958. Among its opponents were the Swedish Medical Association, Nobel Prize-winner Prof. Hugo Theorel, and the Swedish Water Works Association.

KATHERINE THAYER HOBSON
New York City

Halsey and Jones

Your editorial of August 29, states, "Admiral Halsey has gone to join J. P. Jones." I prefer to think he is with John Barry, our first commissioned officer in our Navy. J. P. Jones resigned (Is that the word?) from our Navy and later joined that of Russia. . . .

(REV.) WM. E. MCGLYNN, C.M.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. de Toledano's Journey

Mr. de Toledano's "Notes on a Journey to Russia" [August 29] is a disheartening illustration of Mr. Bozell's thesis [Bulletin, August 22] that advancement of Richard Nixon's Presidential fortunes forms a bad mix with conservative principle. If Mr. de Toledano seriously believes that the Khrushchev-Eisenhower visits are enlightened policy, let him grapple openly with the (to me) completely convincing arguments to the contrary which NATIONAL REVIEW (among others) has presented. If he does not, he should say so, even at the cost of disavowing a venture with which Mr. Nixon is publicly associated. In any event, it is an unpleasant spectacle to see a man of his intelligence taking refuge behind a string of non sequiturs, offered uncritically as the Polish "consensus" on the spectacle of our rapidly dissolving national backbone.

Forest Hills, N.Y. DANIEL MAHONEY

In the past twenty-five years I've read billions of words about Soviet Russia. I never got a better insight into the situation there than in the short (too short) piece by Ralph de Toledano. That was real reporting, sharp, terse, to the point and incisive. . . . It's a piece all Americans should read.

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